WEEK ENDING MAY 16 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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In this Issue: AT THE MURDERERS' BALL *By George Kibbe Turner*

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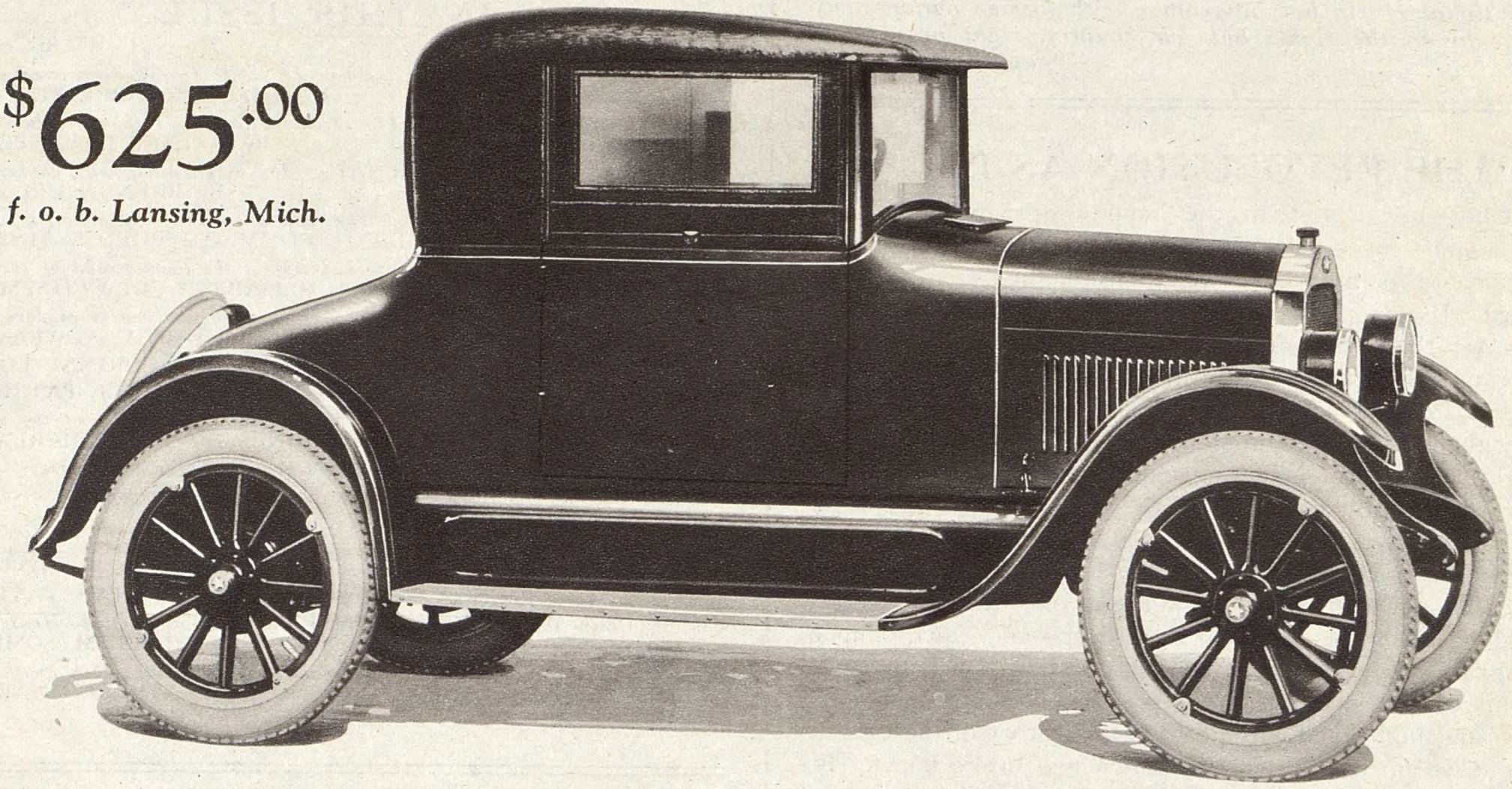

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE REVOLUTION AS IS

In adding his protest to the happily growing chorus of warning against overcentralization and bureaucracy, Senator Borah makes a point which we think ought oftener to be emphasized. If there ever was a real struggle for popular rule," he says, "for the preservation of the popular voice in politics and governmental affairs, it is involved in the effort to reserve and preserve for the people back home the right to control and administer their local affairs in accordance with local wisdom and local conditions," and he points out what we are likely to forget, that it is these local affairs that make the real school of the citizen. It is in the home town or district that fledgling citizenship tries its powers and we can be sure that if we let our State and local independence go, we let the whole fabric of our independence go, for it is all based on the ability of the citizen—and, equally, upon his willingness—to examine into public questions small or large and to think of solutions in terms of practical accomplishment.

Americans might read with profit in the history of the French people how its ancient system ran down and broke hopelessly, not merely or even chiefly through the oppression of a privileged aristocracy, but more especially through the incredible inefficiency of a centralized bureaucracy. France, we think, still is centralized and bureaucratic to her cost, but she can afford an organization which would be intolerable in a continental nation like ours. We are now beginning to feel distinctly the evils of centralization and bureaucracy. We ought to be able to foresee what they will mean to a people so far spread and living under such various conditions as we are.

We need not merely theorize upon this. It is already being demonstrated in the concrete, for we already can observe, and do so with increasing concern, that as we have multiplied the duties of the central government and as we have given it more and more to do for or against the individual, it is becoming inefficient and is falling more and more into contempt. We are asking the central government to do much that ought either to be left to the States and local governments to do or which should not be imposed upon any government. We are asking the central government to do so much that it soon will be unable to do anything well, and this extension of the powers and responsibilities of the national government overrides State and local authorities. The same process of overloading the national authority accomplishes two evils—it makes the national government inefficient from having too much to do and deprives the local governments of the responsibilities they are best fitted to meet.

This is really a revolutionary process. We run scatterbrained revolutionaries out of the country or into jail. We blacklist politically the radical who demands revolutionary changes in our institutions. But here is a revolution going on with only the beginnings of protest on behalf of our fundamental principles of liberty, and there is a huge irony in the fact that it is being carried forward by the most eminently respectable of our people who would be aghast if they were told that they are, as they are, ruthless revolutionaries.

It is time for Americans who believe in the ideals of American liberty, in individual and local autonomy and responsibility, to face this threatened transformation of American institutions which is expressed in the tendency to impose government regulation over our lives to an extent which only a doctrinaire socialist would tolerate.

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Cover Design by Penrhyn Stanlaws

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Geoffrey John of Amiens

A VIVID short story of the Great War. About an English officer who was afraid of himself. He thought wars "rather silly." But in the end he proved the greatest hero of them all. *Walter Davenport* tells the tale, and it is full of pathos, humor, and thrills.

WALTER DAVENPORT

William S. Forman, whose *F. O. B. the Bahamas* was one of the drollest things Liberty has printed, is the author of a lively two-part story which begins next week. It concerns an aviator, a girl, and some exciting adventures, and is called *The Spider and the Flyer.*

Brenda Ueland, in a sprightly narrative entitled *Telephone Girl, Dancer, and Millions,* tells the tale of Leonora Hughes, until recently the dancing partner of the renowned Maurice. How she climbed from the estate of a poor little Irish girl to the realms of stardom. A modern Cinderella romance, with a prince at the end of it.

Lieut. John A. Macready, the army's famous altitude flyer, writes of *Touching the Earth's Ceiling*—a stirring account of the hard times aviators have trying to reach the sky.

Kathleen Norris' fine novel, *The Unforgivable Sin,* reaches its conclusion in the next issue, and the story of *John L. Sullivan* mounts rapidly to the climax of the great fighter's career.

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, Tribune Square, 435 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

And every thug and murderer in town, all set for action! And not a word yet from the man they hunted.

At the Murderers' Ball

A Strange Story of Love and a Death Plot in the Street of the Forgotten Men

By George Kibbe Turner

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

ADOLPHE, the Disguiser, was an important person in the Street of the Forgotten Men, a section of the Big Town which was described by Mr. Turner in a previous story by that title—the haunt of the professional beggars of years ago. In his Cripple Factory it was Adolphe's hands and genius which turned able-bodied men into pitiful appearing cripples or other deformed persons who preyed upon the public, soliciting alms on the streets—highly remunerative work in those days. In his capacity as disguiser Adolphe was more than a friend to his patrons—he was their confidant as well, and knew the secrets of all. It was to Adolphe, too, that they turned in time of trouble, to solve their problems with his hard-headed common sense.

I.

THIS is a story of Adolphe, the Disguiser, of a man-hunt he once saw. And he has seen more than one. But this one he will never forget. For the hunting was done from a strange ambush, and the kill was held back by a thing still stranger to have seen, a woman's memory of the hunter's eyes.

Adolphe had left by then the Cripple Factory of Diamond Mike, the place where he disguised the beggars of the Big Town, and had bought himself, farther up the Street of the Forgotten Men, a little old wig and costume shop, just around the corner from Orion Palace, the old-time hall where the gangs and gunmen did their shooting over their gambling and their women.

They hired their costumes from him there, especially for the big annual masquerades, like that Murderers' Ball, as they used to call it in the Street of the Forgotten Men—having their joke, as they did about everything.

It was the night before the night of this Murderers' Ball, in the early evening. The lights were lit and the ragged signs down the Street of the Forgotten Men, and the life-sized wax figures of the pirate and the Spanish lady stood in the dim-lighted, second-story window of the old fancy costume shop, looking down through the lace curtains upon the high, dirty snow piles and the blowing papers, and the darkness under the cavelike elevated road, and the blots of shadow, which were men, slipping by, slipping by and gone down the dark shiny walks.

And Adolphe, the Disguiser, sat there in the back alone, when the loose old doorknob rattled and a small veiled girl in black came in.

He would have known her for what she was before she spoke to him—from that chic, that trick of doing much with little, which is the dowry of the French woman.

And he also knew, before he heard her voice, that she was in some big trouble. For her small, delicate face was white with the whiteness of a camelia, even through her veil, and her eyes had an appeal and a brilliancy even greater than a veil usually gives the eyes of a pretty woman—as she stood there under the light of that old-time gas jet which filled

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

with shadows rather than lighted this curious room.

"Are you not he, the *costumier,* who will own all this?" she asked him.

"I am," said Adolphe, bowing, his great shadow bowing with him crosswise in the empty room.

"Then, perhaps," she said, and he felt her light hand trembling on his sleeve, "you will wish to aid a fellow countrywoman in a great, great need."

"I will, indeed. Will you not be seated, *mademoiselle?*" said Adolphe. "And will you not, for my pleasure, and perhaps your own, converse in the language of our dear France?"

AND so, seated and put at her ease, she spoke to him from then on, and asked the first question, in French.

"Is it that a young man, one with a slight red mark upon his right cheek, was here today to get for him a costume for the ball—the great masquerade of tomorrow night of the Oscagwa Club?" she said, her voice sharpening more and more as she asked it.

"He was, yes, *mademoiselle,*" said Adolphe, the Disguiser, and felt a touch of anxiousness, as he said it.

"And did he give you his address?"

"He did not, no. He placed his whole deposit for his costume down," said Adolphe, studying her now more and more—for, strictly speaking, naturally, he should not have been telling anyone about the affairs of his clients—the masqueraders he disguised.

She gave a sharp exclamation of regret and disappointment when he told her this, and then sat still, clenching her small black-gloved hands. A train upon the elevated road roared and clattered by before Adolphe's unknown visitor went on with a sudden jerk of her small hat, magnified a dozen times in its shadow on the farther wall.

"Will you—can you tell me this, then!" she said, her light hand clutching at his arm like a desperate butterfly upon a wind-blown leaf. "What costume will he wear—in there tomorrow night?"

He looked at her while the ugly noise of another train on the elevated rose in the stillness of the room and rumbled down again to nothing. Who was she? A jealous wife? A forgotten girl, following a faithless lover?

"But, *mademoiselle!*" he said to her. "How could I tell you this? While still retaining my professional honor?"

"You do not understand. You must—you must tell me! This at least! You must not—must not fail me here!"

The fear and stridence of her voice filled the still room.

"But, *mademoiselle!*" said Adolphe, the Disguiser, with a growing sense of dread and worry now—the thought of the spot upon the man's face striking him. "How can I tell you this? Why should I?"

Her shadow swayed upon the wall before she answered, breaking out at last with that sudden desperate cry.

"Because—because—if I do not know—if I cannot act—there will be death—death—death! And for more than one!"

Sudden silence fell again upon the gloomy room; and sudden and unreasoning fear upon the mind of Adolphe, the Disguiser.

"Tell me this," he said, his voice rising. "Who is this man? This man with the spot upon his face?" For he had to settle this suspicion in his mind.

But she did not answer him.

"Tell me," he said hoarsely, remembering now how the man had looked. "Or I cannot help you. This man who was here—was it then Spot Clanahan?"

He feared now, more than ever, that it must be. For still she did not answer him.

"If you will tell me," he kept on, "I will aid you! I swear—upon the honor of a Frenchman! But if not!" he said, and caught her wrist.

"On the honor of a Frenchman?" she repeated slowly, her bright eyes shining through her veil on his. "You will aid—not injure me?"

"Yes. Yes."

"It was," she said in a whisper, low even in that silence; "it is—Spot Clanahan!"

And Adolphe almost jumped from his old, cane-bottomed office chair, hearing it, thinking what this might mean to him—that this Spot Clanahan had been in his place and out again. That he had let him slip through his fingers in spite of all the warnings—the man who was out to get Big Muldoon, the King of the Night, before the Whole Night Mob at his own dance.

For the word had been passed out—over the old wireless from Sing Sing—before this man was loose—that, as soon as he was loose, he was going to go after the Big Boy and get him for the first degree. And where everybody would know it, too—a public execution—at his own dance, the dance of the Oscagwa Club!

And they said he claimed it was a comeback for the raw deal he claimed that the Big Boy had given him—framing him up with that shooting by those big gamblers' gunmen, for fear, if the truth came out, it would throw the spotlight on the big Night Mob again, and the ministers and reformers would finish ruining them in the Big Town.

AND when the Big Boy had tried to get word to him and fix him up through mutual friends, he warned them off, and told them this was his funeral. And so those last two days, since the news came that he was out from up the river, and into hiding before they realized it—all the thugs and murderers and gamblers' gunmen—all the Standing Army of the Big Boy, as they called them in the Street of the Forgotten Men—were out, hunting all over the Big Town to get this guy for the Big Boy and get him right before that ball.

And not a sound nor sight of him. He had slipped them all. And here Adolphe had had him in his fingers—and had actually helped him! And if that should ever come out—if they got this murderer in one of his costumes—good night for Adolphe, the Disguiser, in the Big Town!

"Spot Clanahan!" said Adolphe, repeating it out loud, dumfounded; and woke up finally. For the veiled girl was shaking at his arm.

"What—what will he wear tomorrow night?"

"What, then, is this man to you?" asked Adolphe back, before answering.

"Everything. Everything. If he should die tomorrow night—I cannot live! Tell me—tell me, on the honor of a Frenchman, what is it his costume will be—that I may stop—prevent him?"

But Adolphe only shook his head. "I will tell you, but it will be no use. It is the costume of the clown."

"Of the clown!" she said, springing up. "But then I shall find him. Why not?"

"You do not realize—not being *costumier,*" said Adolphe.

"Why—why do I not?" she asked, throwing back her heavy veil now, and staring with big dark eyes.

"The costume of the clown," said Adolphe, showing her—"it is of all costumes now the commonest and cheapest. Of my own set alone there are sixteen—all alike; and Heaven only knows how many dozens more there will be in this hall tomorrow night. Clowns, clowns—the whole place will dance with them, like leaves upon the summer trees. God knows I would wish to help you," said Adolphe, the Disguiser, "more than you now can know. But this costume of the clown will be no use to you."

"It will. It will!" she cried, catching at his hand.

"How, then," he asked, looking up, "will you tell your clown in all that press—from all the other clowns?"

"I can," she said, excited.

"How, then?" asked Adolphe, half joking. "From the color of his eyes?"

"Yes. Yes," she answered. "Most certainly. Among a million!"

He looked at her—blank and silent as his apple-faced wax figures staring out the window.

"Most certainly. By his eyes, his hands, his little finger! What woman who loves a man could not?" she asked him fiercely in a high, sharp voice.

"It might be!" said Adolphe to himself—thinking. And that plan came suddenly to him then—as just a chance; that plan which carried him so far in the Big Town.

So Adolphe had her tell him the whole story: Of who she was and what she was to this Spot Clanahan; of how, in the million chances that come in the Big Town, this little lonely French girl had come to love this fighting Irish boy—even teaching him to speak to her in poor but still passable French. How he had been taken from her up to Sing Sing on that frame-up.

And how she knew, now that he was out, he was avoiding her—first, because her place would be the one spot the thugs and gunmen would be watching for him, and, second, because he did not want to drag her into this revenge and public killing of the Big Boy at that ball tomorrow night.

"We will be there, you and I. And do our best!" said Adolphe in an easier, more encouraging voice—for it seemed to him now it might work out, possibly. And he told her to go now and come back tomorrow, and they would lay out the whole scheme.

So he sat alone again with his fancy costumes and his wax figures, and thought for a moment.

"Eyes!" he said to himself aloud. "Could she really tell him by his eyes? And yet, a woman in love! Who knows?" said Adolphe, spreading out his hands. But he spent no more time in dreaming. For he had work to do.

II.

"WILL you be by here tonight?" he asked when he had got his number on the telephone.

"Sure thing," replied the hoarse voice of Diamond Mike, as he knew it would. For he would be on his way up the Street of the Forgotten Men that night to the last committee meeting with Big Muldoon and the rest of the Organization Boys for that dance the following night in the Palace. And it was through Mike—his one hitch-in with the Big Still Boys who ruled the town—that he must work his plan, if it worked at all.

"What's eating you now?" said Diamond Mike, thumping in and standing by the old-time desk, shining like a gorilla hung with diamonds in the dim light of the solitary gas jet.

So they stood there and watched them drifting in—queens and cowboys, pirates and nautch girls, Columbines and hobos.

"Tell me," said Adolphe, the Disguiser, "do they yet find this murderer who will kill the Big Boy from among the masqueraders tomorrow night?"

"Not a hair of him," growled the King of the Beggars, sitting now like a dark idol on a dim throne, his face in the shadow.

"And the Big Boy, will he be there—at the dance, leading the grand march, as always?"

"Did you get me here to ask this stuff?" asked the King of the Beggars, sore. "Will he be there? The Big Boy? At his own party! Will he let this thug warn him from his own dance? And the whole town looking!"

"Yet they are hanging up big money," said Adolphe, leading him along, "for the gamblers' gunmen."

"Five thousand bucks to the boy who knocks him off first," said the voice from the dark, motionless figure in Adolphe's old chair.

"But then—if so—he must have fear; or it must be of great value to someone to stop this thing," said Adolphe in that innocent talk these foreigners give you—starting on his bargaining.

"Why wouldn't it be?" the Diamonds came back. "You know what it will mean to this town here—to you and me and all the rest—if a thing like this is pulled—if the Big Boy gets knocked off at his own party, and gives the goo-goos and the highbrows and the reformers another roar against the Night Mob—to add to what they're doing to us now!"

And Adolphe knew, naturally. For every year the world was getting better and better; and the reformers and ministers had got the Night Mob that Big Muldoon stood for backed farther into the corner, desperate, fighting for their lives. And that was what he counted on in his scheme.

"What, then," asked Adolphe, "if I could fix this—so that it would not be?"

"You!" said Diamond Mike, looking surprised, and more or less wanting to laugh, probably, but yet not willing to leave any chance untried in this thing—as Adolphe knew he would be.

So, gradually, Adolphe told him what he wanted him to do. The money he would have to use, and the thing he wanted for himself—holding back, of course, just what he knew, and what the game was that he hoped to play—for that was his property, naturally, until it was delivered.

At last he won him over—for he had planned it so the chance they took was very little—practically nothing to the others they were taking all over town now to stop this—spending money like water. Then finally Diamond Mike lurched away, hung with diamonds, up the Street of Starving and Forgotten Men—smiling to himself, thinking it was all just a crazy Frenchman's dream, probably, but yet not willing to pass up any bet.

And Adolphe sat back, working out his plan, and thinking what he stood to win by it. For what he had asked for would make him, if it came through—the word of Big Muldoon passed on to those who show the show women that Adolphe was to have a look-in on the stage

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Is it that a young man, one with a slight red mark upon his right cheek, was here today to get for him a costume for the ball?"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 7]

costumes of the Big Town. And his word would settle it.

So the girl came back that next day and they fixed up her costume and rehearsed the part she was to play and the arguments she was to use, and where they would go with that money afterward—if she found him in time and made him take it. And they agreed, finally, that they would get tickets for Frisco. For when Adolphe brought the matter up, he found that she agreed with him.

"IT is for the French more agreeable—more natural, often, there than here," said Adolphe, suggesting it. And it seemed she thought the same, and that this Clanahan had told her once that they would go there, if they only had the price.

And, then, finally, after nervous waiting through the long hours of the afternoon, the dusk of the night of the Murderers' Ball came, and Adolphe, the Disguiser, started down to Diamond Mike's for the roll—the five one-thousand-dollar bills, the reward for this murderer that they had agreed to let Adolphe take, at his own risk, to square with him. And it was no great chance for them, at that, compared to the others they were taking. For they not only knew and trusted Adolphe, but they had him nailed every way in his business, to say nothing of that other thing that the police would have liked to see him for in France.

So he got his money and went back—knowing, of course, by that very fact, that this murderer was still at large, and they were all up in the air over finding him—in spite of all their thugs and gamblers' gunmen working in and out every underground hole and crevice of the Big Town, like the rats they were.

Out they came from their holes, the Night Mob, for that one night—all of them. For the police were blindfolded at dusk by the orders of the Big Still Boys higher up, and all the gamblers and the night politicians were among those present—and their fat wives, lit up with diamonds like chandeliers. And every thug and murderer in town, all set for action! And not a word yet from the man they hunted, who was liable to shoot the shot that would blow up the Big Town.

ADOLPHE and the girl went early, naturally, and stood just inside from the checkroom, where the dancers first came into the main hall. And Adolphe wore himself another clown suit, and the girl the costume they had decided on—that peasant costume from the southeast of France that this Clanahan would recognize—for she had worn it once before when she had gone with him to her last ball.

But for the present Adolphe kept her behind him—out of sight. And after a few minutes they could spot the other ones—the gamblers' gunmen—moving here and there, standing where they could look them all over as they came in—waiting to nail him.

"But he will not come yet," she whispered, in the French they had agreed to talk, by Adolphe's shoulder. "Not till the big crush comes."

"No," he said. For it was still an hour or so before the old-time grand march would start, and the Big Boy would be out to lead it around the hall. So they stood there and watched them drifting in—queens and cowboys, monks and nautch girls, Columbines and hobos. And clowns—every minute or two a clown! But still she made no sign. And he waited, nervous, doubting.

"But no, no, no!" she told him. "I shall know him when he comes." And they watched on.

Half an hour more. More crowds—and more clowns! But not the right one yet. And the gunmen around them—plainer every minute now—were leaving disgusted, thinking their man by now must have slipped in.

"Not yet? Are you sure?" asked Adolphe in their French.

"But absolutely."

The Night Mob was there by now, running wild, crushing the hall full. And the heads of the Invisible Government you read about but never see were filling up the raised platform at

the head of the big, bright, festooned hall—visible for this night only—fat-fingered judges, scarlet-faced commissioners, weasel-faced attorneys of criminals, with their full-fed wives—sat looking down at the masked mob below. And the two bands were tuning up, getting ready for the grand march, which would have to start, it seemed, in fifteen or twenty minutes now.

Then Adolphe stared suddenly.

"Quick. Quick!" she was whispering. "There!"

"Where?"

"Do you not see—that clown—right here—that looks this way?"

"Yes," he whispered, watching him.

"Those eyes. Those blue, blue, violet eyes—through that white clown mask. Come!" she said, for the clown was already turning.

The place was jammed, crazy, slippery with confetti. An ape pushed a feather tickler into Adolphe's mask; a devil started carrying off the girl. When she was free they had lost him.

"Who were you after, kid?" the devil asked her when he had let her go.

"That clown—that clown that passed just then!"

"A clown! What clown? A fat chance of running down a clown here tonight," he said—and laughed.

The floor was full of them—clowns, clowns, dancing, jumping, squawking all over the place—their blank, white, ghastly faces all alike.

"You're sure?" asked Adolphe, still doubtful.

"Sure!" she said, sharply, more and more excited. "Am I a fool? Those eyes of violet—out of that flour-white mask! Come!"

"Stop," said Adolphe. "This brings us nowhere."

"*Whang!*" came the first brass band, the first call of preparations for the grand march, the first blare of that national anthem of the Night Mob, that old-time comic song they played on the birthday of the Big Boy:

Joy. Joy. Joy!
It's a great big bouncing boy!

They crashed it out, as the opening signal—and stopped.

"Come," said Adolphe, taking her by the hand—hurrying. "Come here!" and he led her to the platform. For he had admission to that, too, from Diamond Mike. And he thought that might give them one last desperate chance to get this man—if she had really spotted him—before he broke loose!

III.

THEY stood together and looked down from the platform on that mob—those squirming, jostling, milling masqueraders—green and red and yellow; white shoulders and black masks with blood-red mouths beneath, and every here and there the full plaster-white mask of a clown, more ghastly than ever in the white electric light. And in that—without one individual form or feature or movement to be seen—she was hunting for a pair of eyes!

"Eyes!" said Adolphe to himself, watching them down there, through those upturned masks—hopeless now, nervous, imagining funny things. For somewhere down among the eyes behind those masks were the eyes of that killer stalking the Big Boy like some wild beast hidden in the jungle. And around him, even touching him, perhaps, the eyes of those gamblers' gunmen, hunting the hunter.

"*Crash!*" went the cymbals of the band—the second signal for the march. And stopped at once—something wrong! Held back for the Big Boy, probably. For he didn't seem to have come out yet—from the private committee room beside the platform.

"But you cannot tell him—from here! Not certainly by his eyes!" said Adolphe, looking down at the girl now, who still stood staring, standing up on tiptoe.

"But not by his eyes. No!"

"By what, then?"

"By other things. A ruff upon the neck was torn and hanging down. A larger spot of red was upon the mask—the left cheek!" she said, explaining.

"Is it possible? With just that one glimpse?" Adolphe asked himself, but was encouraged once more, remembering other women he had known in love. And gave a start again.

"There. There!" she cried, excited. "Come!"

"Where?" asked Adolphe, looking where she looked—in vain.

"Come," she said, dragging him—across the

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platform, through the Invisible Government and their too visible fat wives, down on the other side, back along the wall, to the left.

They made good headway. For the crowd, luckily, was pushing toward the center and the right side of the hall—where the grand march was evidently going to form first.

"Hurry! Hurry! Quick!" said the girl, dragging at Adolphe's hand. And they pushed and jostled on—freer to move themselves, but scared for fear that they would find he had moved also.

"But no. There still he is!" called the girl in a high, excited voice, above the catcalls and shouting.

HE stood there, this tallish clown, with the torn ruff and mask with more red on the left cheek, leaning back, hands in his baggy trousers pockets, as calm and careless as the freest-hearted kid upon the floor.

"But that cannot be the one!" said Adolphe, whispering. "So easy. So carefree!"

"Yes. Yes. You do not know him!" she called back—both safe, of course, with their French in that shouting crowd.

And now, without the slightest hesitation, she stepped before the figure they were watching—and stood, a slight, bright-colored little figure. But he was staring out above her head to where the grand march was forming.

"*Chéri!*" she called—laughing a high, shrill laugh and tugging at the loose folds of his clown's rig. "*Chéri!*" And then another name, some particular name in French that Adolphe did not get. For he had dropped back for now, according to their plan.

The clown with the lopping ruff looked down quickly as he heard her. And Adolphe's heart gave a jump. For he saw that he had seen again the impossible done by the woman in love.

But the clown now started pretending she was wrong, shaking his head in silence, pushing her away. But she would not have it.

"Quick," she said. "We must go."

And still not speaking, he began pushing her more roughly to one side. For the disturbance in the crowd was growing, probably from something the Big Boy had said or done as he came through the door. And they were cheering him now—calling out his name. And the clown was looking over, staring, rigid. And the girl was clinging to him.

"Look. Look, *Chéri!*" she said, clinging, laughing shrilly, as a crazy laughing girl would do, and pleading with him all the time under her pretending in her French. "Be not foolish. Can you doubt that I would know you? Your eyes. Your hands. Your feet. The exact height of you. Come. Come. Before it is too late!"

"Go away!" he said, speaking finally in poor French, seeing it was no use.

"Come. Come," she called, singing, laughing more loudly still. "I come to save your life—and mine!"

And Adolphe, listening, saw that she had taken him the first step now—she had him arguing.

"Life!" he said. "What kind of life has that crook left me now—a jailbird! Or you, either?"

"No, no," she said, quickly. "You are wrong. Here. Here!" she said, and took the second step—pulled out and held between them, hidden from others in her half-closed hands, the five one-thousand-dollar bills. "Here it is—our new life! Life for both of us! If you will take it!"

"What's this?" Adolphe could hear him asking, hoarsely—looking down at more money than he knew there was in the world.

And then she told him the things they had worked out for her to say: How she had got in touch with Adolphe and he had got to the Big Boy through Diamond Mike and had got this money for them, if he would go off and forget it.

But he wouldn't have it. No. No. It was false. The stuff was phony, anyhow!

"No," she told him. "It is not false. For I myself have tried it at the bank."

"And how long do you think I'd be alive here—in this town—even if it isn't?" he said, still pushing at her.

"That is it," she came back, still clinging, laughing, playing the merry masquerader, and with her answer always ready. And she told him the plan to pull up and go out for a new start in Frisco—he and she together.

He stood there—his arm moving gradually around her, thinking, staring off above her head to where the grand march was still delaying starting. Just two more gayly dressed figures that clung together, unnoticed, in that wild hall!

"I trust him!" he said, finally. "Yes—like a snake!"

"You trust him now," she said, bringing in that last argument. "At this minute! You do not think that I could come, bringing this money, this message from the Big Boy, to you alone! Do you not see that he could kill you now? If it was not that he wished to square himself and make this offer first—through me and this one other?"

"What other?" he said. And Adolphe could see his right hand shoot down again, onto the gun in the pocket of his baggy pantaloons.

"The *costumier*. The man who rented you your costume. The one place that I could go to find you," she said, and clung to him—his right arm.

"*Wow!*" went the crowd as she said it. And Adolphe could see that the grand march was set to go.

So Adolphe started forward, playing his part, taking his chance.

"Come," he said in French to him, where he stood covering him with that gun in his pocket. "Have no fear. It is all right. If you will go now—at once! And I give you now the apology and the promise from him, himself."

And he handed him that paper he had had typewritten—without any signature, as anything in writing from the Big Still Boys must be—about how they had to frame up someone, the way the town was—the way the ministers and reformers had got the Night Mob on the run! And now it was done they were willing to call quits and pay the price for it.

"The rat!" said the clown, reading it and starting forward toward the grand march and the Big Boy, his old murderer's ugliness sweeping back over him.

AND now, to make it worse—"*Umpety-ump!*" the band broke loose. The grand march was starting over across the hall. And at the head of it, of course, was the Big Boy, in his blue satin prince's costume that he always wore that night he was king of the ball, and with him probably that last tall blonde of his from his last show—from the Street of the Show Women. For he favored big blondes—like all those old-timers. And Adolphe could just see his head, now and then, and the tall white feather on his prince's cap; and once a glimpse of his big red face under it—the face of a baby starting to grow bald.

But now this clown, this killer, hearing it, was straining to be free—pulling back from the arms of the laughing, frightened girl.

"Come. Come," said Adolphe, sharply, arguing. "Be not a fool! There money, happiness, long life! And love! Here death at once—for you if you longer wait! Be not a fool. Your choice is now but for your own life or death! Come. Come quick!"

"*Umpety-ump-ump! Umpety-ump!*" went the band. And, step by step, the grand march came on. It was turning now from the right wall in their direction. And the killer still stood staring—still undecided between death and love!

"Come. Come, *Chéri!* For Heaven's mercy," the girl kept on in French, pulling, laughing, half hysterical between her acting and her fear. And Adolphe, arguing and threatening. And the grand march coming steadily along, just moving; with the King of the Night Mob in his prince's costume on ahead—bowing, laughing, joshing, and the sweat, they said afterward, running down his cheeks, wondering how much farther he would march alive.

"You don't think I'm afraid of him?" he was asking Adolphe now—in his bad French.

"No. No!" said Adolphe, jabbering now, excited—fussed.

"Just not a fool! Be a man, a lover—not a fool!" he went on, arguing. "Live. Love. Laugh. Be gay! Why not? See—here she is—your loved one! Is she nothing to you—all warm, alive! Is life nothing? Oh, my boy—soon, soon enough for all of us, comes that time, cursed time when we begin to be a million, million years dead! Therefore—start now. Come. Live. Love. While possible!" said Adolphe, jabbering faster and faster in that funny, fancy talk those foreigners start when they get excited. And winning by it—when everything else, apparently, had failed!

FOR suddenly the murderer broke out laughing.

"You win, Frenchy!" he said, and, laughing some more and turning his face, bent down. And Adolphe laughed himself, almost, in his big excitement. For he was trying to kiss the girl through that white-and-red clown's mask.

"*Blough!*" went the band. And the Night Mob yelled louder and louder. The King of the Night was moving on—moving on—step by heavy step. And the masked gunmen in the crowd were edging along, pushing along, watching those in front, as the crowd opened up—to be the first in the gunplay, if anything started.

But they were looking now in the wrong place—the opposite direction from where Adolphe followed after the clown and the laughing and hysterical little peasant girl, half walking, half carried by his arm. Lost to the world! Neither hearing the music of the advancing march, the national anthem of the Night Mob:

Joy. Joy. Joy!
It's a great big bouncing boy!

The doorway into the cloakroom muffled it. It died outside almost entirely in the yellow spot on the dark street, where the clown with the torn ruff lifted the unconscious peasant girl into the taxi.

And looking back, as the door slammed and they were under way, Adolphe, the Disguiser, heard for the last time the grunts and groanings of the band, from where, inside, the grand march turned and twisted, and the Big Boy sweated and joked and waited and walked on, and the gunmen went peering from one mask to another—all ignorant of the fact—as they are today—that the man they hunted was out and on his way to Frisco!

THE END

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BORGLUM'S designs for carvings on Stone Mountain —painted by men lowered over the side from the shanty on the slope.

Wide World Photo
© By Mathewson & Brown

The Inside Story of Why Gutzon Borglum Smashed the Models for the World's Mightiest Monument —and the Perplexing Problem of What Will Happen Next

The BATTLE of Stone Mountain

By WALTER DAVENPORT

IN GEORGIA they say that long before Mrs. Helen Plane was struck by her great inspiration scores of men and women had said that something magnificent should be done to or with Stone Mountain. Something had to be done with such an invitation as the granite expanse offers. It was like sneering in Nature's face to decline the bid.

If you were to see that cataract of rock, sheer as a bed sheet and almost perpendicular, you, too, would understand that something just had to be done about it. Stand in the brace of ruts they call a road, a quarter of a mile from the base of Stone Mountain, and you see a pour of pure granite which suggests that it has flowed from a river and over a precipice, only to be suddenly solidified and held there for the ages to marvel over.

Think of standing a quarter of a mile from the base of Niagara Falls at its flood and then seeing it suddenly congeal, the whole great torrent become solid and motionless. Then you have a vision of that hulking stone which blurts without warning from the flat country, sixteen miles out of Atlanta. The pyramids sprout from the Egyptian sand no more abruptly than does Stone Mountain from the red clay of Georgia.

Helen Plane likened it to a stone tablet held forth by the hand of God. To withhold the chisel, she told her sisters in the United Daughters of the Confederacy, were to scoff at the owner of the hand. To her, a gentlewoman of the South, the cause of the Confederacy had been holy, and the years had softened but not changed the conviction.

Her inspiration was simple, as all great ideas are. There on the stone face of Sam Venable's hill of gray granite should be the story of the lost but still holy cause. A symbol of the South. And who but Robert E. Lee should be that symbol? She rode back to Atlanta, after her reverie, and attended the regular meeting of the Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters. Very quietly she offered her suggestion, which was that the ladies consider hiring a sculptor who would, somehow or other, climb the bold, broad granite and in the center of the scarp carve the head and shoulders of Robert E. Lee.

A committee waited upon Samuel H. Venable, one of whose ancestors acquired Stone Mountain from an aid of old General Oglethorpe, the price being one possessed mule. Legend has it that the Venable mule was well nigh as immovable as the granite hill and that each party to the transaction hurried off to laugh heartlessly at his victory.

"What is it you want?" demanded Sam Venable. "The face of my mountain?"

Helen Plane told him her dream. With a sweeping gesture which took in the depth and width of the Venable property, the old gentleman offered them all their eyes beheld.

Thus the ladies had Helen Plane's idea and Sam Venable's mountain. Now for the

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sculptor. In a few weeks it was decided to fetch Gutzon Borglum to Atlanta, where, at a tea, they would tell him what they wanted and then carry him out to the Venable place and let him see what a glorious chance was offered.

Now, Stone Mountain is eight thousand feet long and seven miles around its base. The geologists say that it is all granite—nothing but granite, with a worn carpet of bricky clay on the less abrupt slope. If further figures will help the picture, please realize that there are nearly eight billion cubic feet of granite in that unstratified bulb.

IT was Borglum's time to dream, and his vision was rapid. It left the ladies a little stunned, and some of them were, for a moment, just a little hurt. One head etched upon that granite scroll? Even so great a head as Robert E. Lee's? One solitary figure on that terrible steep? Why, it would be as if one placed, with ponderous ceremony, a postage stamp upon the largest barn door in the South. That was the Borglum simile, and some of the ladies wondered whether a mistake hadn't been made when this artistic Westerner was asked for an opinion.

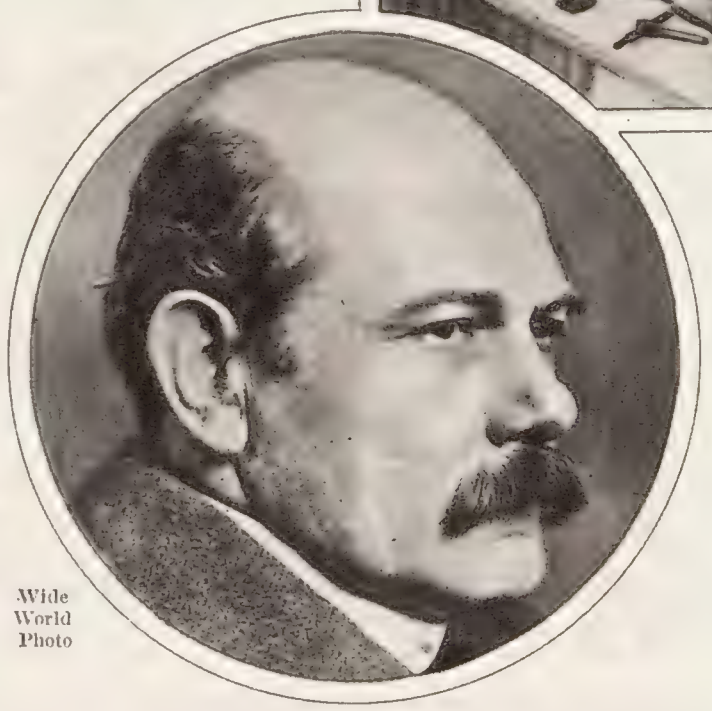
There are those in Atlanta who are convinced that a grievous mistake was made, but we shall proceed in an orderly fashion with this troublous tale. A few moments later those ladies who had trembled when the sculptor likened their project to the stamping of a barn door were transported into awed, reverent wonder. A little frightened, too, because the man was seeing something that none of them had dared look at even in visions.

He sketched, with his tongue, a great panorama of marching men and horses, of trundling cannon and bravely rippling flags, of heroic hosts with their heads held high and their faces sternly set against an invader from the North. The story of the South's fight for autonomy. The story for which the United Daughters of the Confederacy were banded together to keep sacred. The story of a cause the more sacred because it was lost.

There should be Lee and Jackson and Davis, flanked by Longstreet, Forrest, Stuart, Early, and Bragg, and following them the younger pride of the South. A united nation would behold in reverence. The North and the West would come to pay tribute to men who had done only what their fathers had—fought for the right as they had been given to see the right. Here would be the shrine where Americans could proudly fetch all others, that it might be understood that Americans could fight against hope, without money, without arms, without food, for those things they believed in. In all the world there would be no other memorial so vast.

The enormous flight of steps built from the foot of Before the erection of these stairs workmen

Above—Gutzon Borglum "electric drilling" his art into the face of Stone Mountain.



Wide World Photo

At the left—A character study of Borglum, the Stormy Petrel of Stone Mountain.

Ten years have passed since that afternoon. Some of the ladies who swayed in the magic of Borglum's prophecy have followed Lee, Johnson, Forrest, Davis, and Bragg into that land where it is always afternoon. I am standing where Borglum stood, and, like him, surveying the rise of nine hundred feet of everlasting stone.

And I see in reality what Helen Plane saw in her vision. Just one face: Robert E. Lee's. It is larger than Helen Plane saw it, yet it is curiously indistinct from this spongy highway. But, sure enough, it is the leader of the South's armies. That part of his aristocratic face not hidden by his slouch hat covers thirty square feet of rock—a mere chip in relation to the whole broad chart. On the brim of his hat twenty men may sit if they have a mind to, and the starred collar (I look through binoculars) tops a mere suggestion of shoulder, which is as yet but a spur of rough granite on which a table at which twenty persons might dine can be placed.

Gutzon Borglum has fled North, vowing never more to wield a chisel for the present Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association. He has left behind him a bewildering network of pipe and cable, scaffold and trellis, struts and buckets, hoisting engines and air compressors. All that remains on the mountainside is that which Helen Plane's imagination saw there—the head of Robert E. Lee, fifty feet from chin to hat top. A postage stamp on the largest barn door in the South!

The words of Gutzon Borglum burned the minds of the ladies of the Atlanta Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for many months before they agreed among themselves that the project would require the business brains of men. They appealed to their husbands, their brothers, their bankers, and their lawyers. As a result, in March, 1917, the Superior Court of Georgia granted a charter of incorporation to a more or less determined body known as the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association.

To this association the Daughters of the Confederacy turned over a lease upon one thousand feet of the mountain scarp which had been so willingly given by Sam Venable and his two nieces, Mrs. Priestly Orm and Mrs. Walter Gordon Roper. Mrs. Orm and Mrs. Roper are members of the Daughters and members of the association's board of directors. (All this detail is necessary if anything approximating an understanding of the squabble is to be gained.)

It was agreed—and very little has been agreed upon since—that the gentlemen of Atlanta give a luncheon, to which were invited representatives of the other commonwealths which formed the erstwhile Confederacy. Nine representatives of nine States, each appointed by his Governor, attended, and, while there were no hard and fast pledges, it was rather clearly understood that after Georgia had set her central group of Lee, Davis, and Jackson on the mountain's face, the others would follow with their heroes and their contributions to the whole panorama.

What all this would cost was merely guessed at. Five million seemed to be a favorite sum for conversational purposes. And then, as far as one can learn, nothing was done until 1919, when, using his own money to fetch stone cutters and cutting machinery, not to speak of engineers, to Stone Mountain, Mr. Borglum set to work modeling, and measuring, and projecting, and prospecting, and delivering optimistic orations.

The more he spoke the more enthused Geor-

Wide World Photo

the mountain along the steep side to the point where the carving was undertaken. had to climb to the top and descend stairs pinned against the steep side.

gia became. But, speak as he would, the funds required were laggard. Something had to be done, and it was. It started on May 1, 1923, and consisted of the present officers, executive committee, and directorate of the association. There has been something doing ever since; but, unhappily, very little of it occurred on the face of Stone Mountain.

THE committee justified the trust reposed in it for a while. Money came in at a spirited gait, although there were those who deplored the size of the commissions paid some of the most energetic collectors. There was no hint that these commissions were unjust. These dissenters, chiefly Daughters of the Confederacy, were the idealists, and it hurt some of them to think that Southern men would accept commissions for collecting moneys for a Southern memorial. It just didn't seem—well, patriotic.

Borglum agreed to have the central group—Lee, Davis, and Jackson—done by September, 1926. For this he was to be paid $250,000, out of which he was to defray the expenses of the labor and some of the working equipment and compensate himself. The association was of the opinion that, having hired Borglum to carve figures on the mountain, he would confine himself to that alone. Borglum thought that the association would devote itself to collecting money and paying such bills as he accumulated.

Frequently members of the executive committee and officers of the association would ride out to Stone Mountain to see what had been done. According to Borglum and his supporters, they went out much as a man goes forth to view the progress on a new house which he intends to occupy in the fall. Borglum says that he is unable to fathom the official mind, but it was clear to him that the association thought that he ought to produce Lee in a couple of months, Davis in six weeks or so, and Jackson some afternoon.

But for months the face of the mountain remained inviolate and Borglum was still pouring his artistic soul into his modeling clay and working on schemes which would transfer the lines of the model to the granite. This was no child's job. That much is apparent to the most ignorant. The association knew it, but couldn't conceal its disappointment that nothing except ropes and pipes and slings appeared on the granite.

Seventeen months passed. The association wore ruts in the road running to and fro from the mountain to the Grant Building in Atlanta, where its offices are. The newspapers of the country were filled with pictures of Borglum hacking away at Stone Mountain, Borglum ushering prominent visitors around his modeling shacks, Borglum delivering speeches with his hand on General Lee's ear, and Borglum surveying the slopes through binoculars.

The newspapers rang with Borglum speeches which were delivered in the North and the West as well as in the South. Seldom, if ever, did the newspapers refer to the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, but always to Gutzon Borglum's mighty work of art.

Atlanta has responded to the association's call for money with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and from the rest of the country came one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars more. Some of this money was in actual cash and some in pledges. The price of sculpture had risen since Mr. Borglum had his first talk with the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the committee now aimed at accumulating three and a half million dollars, which, even in these days of reckless money, is quite a neat sum.

The name of the Ku Klux Klan crept into the warming argument. Mr. Borglum was accused of having joined the Klan. His friends said that Hollins Randolph, president of the association, and Reuben R. Arnold, counsel for the association, were kleagles or klaxons or what not in the Klan. They denied it, Borglum denied it, the Klan denied having anything to do with it. And in the bewildering tide of accusations the Klan issue was forgotten but never quite straightened out.

At the end of those seventeen months mentioned above, Stone Mountain bore nothing but the head of General Lee. The association could show that it had spent one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. Those who had pledged themselves to give money began to shy. If, they asked, the head of General Lee cost one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, what will all of him cost, including his horse? And what of Davis and of Jackson? And when one considers that from the hoofs of Lee's horse to the crown of Lee's hat the height was to be that of a fifteen-story building—well, one was given to thinking, if nothing else.

Wide World Photo

As the memorial looked when Borglum was ousted as sculptor.

Part of the massive head of General Lee, carved out of the rock of Stone Mountain. The smiling human is seated on the statue's hat brim.

One way out of the muck, said Messrs. Borglum and Venable, who were supported in this by a considerable number of the ladies, was for Mr. Randolph to resign. What a splendid idea! Really, an inspiration. If Mr. Randolph would please resign, peace and concord might be recaptured and all be well—for a while.

Everybody felt cheerful except Mr. Ran-

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dolph, who thereupon precipitated a political situation compared to which the professional affairs of such celebrities as the late Mr. Charles Murphy of New York, Mr. Roger Sullivan of Illinois, Mr. Tom Taggart of Indiana, and kindred souls were but contests for the infant class at Sunday school.

Mr. Randolph declined to resign. Mr. Borglum says that Mr. Randolph came to him and said that he might resign, but certainly not until after the national Presidential campaign of 1924. Mr. Randolph yearned to see William Gibbs McAdoo elected President of the United States. As Mr. McAdoo's friend, he wished to hold the Georgia delegation for him in the nominating convention. As the president of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association he hoped to influence all Southern delegates to hold fast for McAdoo. Therefore, Mr. Borglum, it would be almighty inconvenient to resign then, in April, 1924.

Mr. Borglum says that this sounded reasonable to him and that he was quite agreeable. Mr. Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, was Democratic National Committeeman for Georgia and had been for thirty years. The *Constitution* was supporting Mr. Borglum in the Stone Mountain fight, although not failing to mention frequently that Mr. Randolph was a gentleman, too.

The Atlanta *Journal*, of which Major John S. Cohen is editor, was supporting Mr. Randolph, but allowing that Mr. Borglum was an exceedingly fine artist. Mr. Howell and Mr. Cohen were and are gentlemen and their relations are as one gentleman to another.

Now it never occurred to Mr. Howell that the State Democratic Convention of 1924 would not re-elect him National Committeeman. The date for the State convention conflicted with a private affair of Mr. Howell's, which was his wedding, and, inasmuch as it would be short of possible for him to attend both functions, he chose the latter.

Mr. Howell says that Mr. Randolph voluntarily assured him that his (Mr. Howell's) absence from the convention would not matter; that he would be elected committeeman as usual. Mr. Howell says that he wasn't an active candidate for the post, but would not have declined it had it come to him.

The State convention met. It elected a committeeman. His name was John S. Cohen. They say that there was considerable excitement in Atlanta back in 1861, but that it was just about equaled after the news of Mr. Cohen's election reached the newspapers. The *Constitution* and its many believers had it that the State convention was little less than a Ku Klux Klavern or Koncilium or Konvention or whatever it is. They said that the delegates were Klansmen all, or nearly all; that the Klan had sent forth word that Mr. Cohen was the Klansmen's friend and that he should be elected. Be that as it may, Mr. Cohen was elected.

Mr. Howell was angry. He went to Mr. Randolph's office and (they both agree on this) informed the president of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association that he (Howell) hoped to destroy him (Randolph) socially, financially, and politically; that he would drive him back to Virginia from whence he had come.

"I don't recall my precise words," says Mr. Howell. "I do remember that I spoke strongly. And I marveled that it did not fetch Mr. Randolph from his chair."

Mr. Randolph, says Mr. Howell, now airs the incident of Mr. Howell's call at the Randolph offices to show reason why the Atlanta *Constitution* is anti Mr. Randolph and pro Mr. Borglum. There is nothing to be gained by going further into this particular phase of the situation. The point is that Mr. Randolph not only did not resign, but, according to Mr. Sam Venable, has so selected his admissions committee that nobody not pledged to the Randolph policies can be admitted to the councils of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association.

It must be clear to you, by this time, that the affairs of the association were becoming somewhat unsatisfactory. Mr. Borglum was here, there, and yonder, making speeches and asking for money. He was seeking some forty thousand dollars from the association which, he claimed, was due him personally. The association did not give Mr. Borglum the forty thousand and the sculptor replied with the suggestion that he be given the disposal of the memorial half dollars which were being or about to be struck off by the United States Mint.

MR. BORGLUM asked Congress to investigate the association's affairs. Congress balked, and Mr. Borglum appealed in like voice to the President. The President declined. Mr. Borglum appealed to other bodies and persons to "investigate and reorganize the memorial and nationalize its management." He failed in that. Then he issued a statement to the newspapers, saying that the association had ceased to function.

But he was wrong. At that very moment the executive committee of the association was functioning. It was meeting with the express intention of firing Gutzon Borglum. Mr. Albert Howell, the sculptor's attorney, appealed to the committee to delay its deliberations until Mr. Borglum could appear before it and state his case. Mr. Borglum was at the moment on a train racing back to Altanta from Washington.

He arrived in Atlanta, to be met by newspapers and reporters, both of which bore the tidings that, an hour before, Gutzon Borglum had ceased to be the sculptor of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial.

Mr. Borglum leaped into a motor car. He leaped out of it at Stone Mountain. He entered his modeling shack with a sledge hammer in hand. Wham! Jefferson Davis was minus a nose. Pow! Stonewall Jackson was chaos. Thud! Robert E. Lee was a ruin. Fire Gutzon Borglum, hey? Hire another to finish the job, huh? Well, not with Gutzon Borglum's models! Where is that taxicab? Terminal railroad station, quick!

He caught a northbound train. Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, and irate lawyers followed him. Why was he fleeing? Not, says he, because he had done wrong, but just because another hour in Georgia would have meant but another hour of pain. His friends say that he was just a little afraid of being mobbed by Klansmen. At any rate, he came to rest in North Carolina, where he was arrested for destroying those models which the association claimed as its own.

And then he was released. The Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association decided that it had trouble enough without facing its erstwhile hired genius in court. Besides, there was the Atlanta Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the powerful Atlanta *Constitution*, and Mr. Sam H. Venable standing back of Gutzon Borglum. Particularly Mr. Sam H. Venable.

It is a delightful thing to have Mr. Venable as your friend. I shall not soon forget the pleasure I derived from hearing him talk. His business hours are spent in an office in the Atlanta Trust Company Building. Mr. Venable—lean, aristocratic, and choleric—sat in an old chair in front of an old desk and spoke his mind. He doesn't care for Mr. Randolph. He accuses Mr. Randolph of trifling with fact. I said that Mr. Randolph had said that the monument would go right on; that Mr. Venable ceded fifteen hundred feet of Stone Mountain's scarp to the association.

Fifteen hundred feet? No, sir! Great Cæsar's ghost, has Mr. Randolph no regard at all for fact? Mr. Venable took a key from his desk and with it opened a large iron safe. From the safe he took a larger key, and, striding across the room, opened a small iron box. From the box he took a blue print and a deed. Here, sir, peruse these, sir.

No; Mr. Randolph's association hasn't fifteen hundred feet. It has one thousand feet. And for some reason or other the head of General Lee is so placed on Stone Mountain that there will have to be a complete revision of the group of generals if they are all to get on the allotted space—unless Sam Venable relents. As it is, those fetching up the rear will appear only in part.

And that is not all. Mr. Sam H. Venable is the man of the hour. He holds the key to the future of the great Confederate memorial. The charter under which Mr. Randolph's association operates has it that if the central group is not completed before midsummer of 1928 the title of the thousand feet of Stone Mountain's scarp reverts back to the Venables.

Augustus Lukeman, a Virginian who studied sculpture under Lunt Thompson and Daniel Chester French, has agreed to take up the chisel dropped by Borglum. He says he will scrap Borglum's designs and eliminate the head already carved.

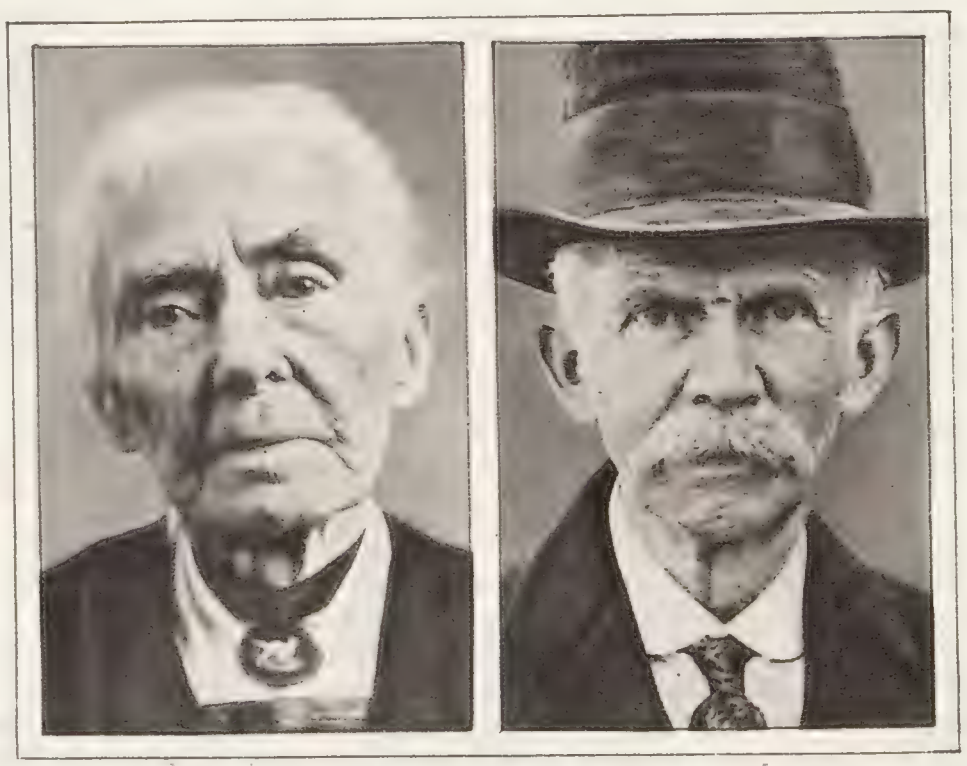
The association is financially—well, lame, anyway.

It took Gutzon Borglum since the spring of 1923 to affix the head of Lee on the granite.

If a new sculptor, with new ideas, makes new models and starts all over again——

But work it out for yourself. It sounds to me like simple arithmetic.

THE END



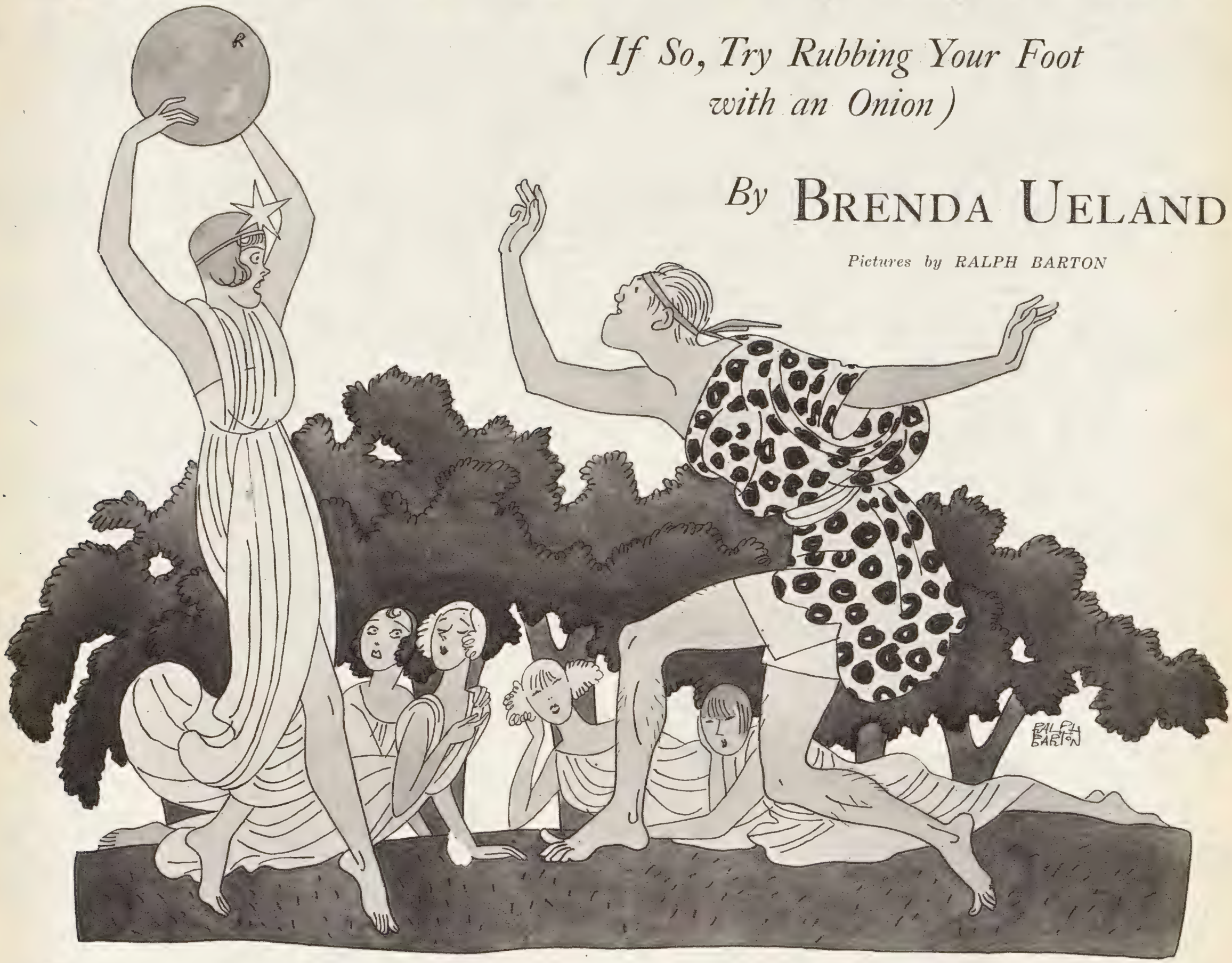
Mrs. Helen Plane, who contributed the inspiration, and Sam Venable, who contributed the mountain.

Do You *Have* Symptoms?

(If So, Try Rubbing Your Foot with an Onion)

By BRENDA UELAND

Pictures by RALPH BARTON



When all the maidens had finished hippity-hopping and flung themselves on the ground, John was to come running across the greensward, exhausted, dash up in the midst of all this plaisance, fall at the feet of Truth, and shout, faintingly, "Victory is ours!"

NOT long ago in a city of five hundred thousand persons there was launched a drive against cancer. Philanthropists gave hundreds of thousands of dollars toward it. The women of the city, grouped on every downtown street, sold tags inscribed "Death or the Doctor." Bulletins describing the symptoms flooded the town. The town's one newspaper co-operated in the fight against the disease. An extensive advertising campaign was launched and stunning posters lined the billboards and street cars describing the first warning signs of the malady and assuring the townspeople that if a case was discovered in time it could be cured.

At the end of the month two hundred thousand dollars had been spent and everybody in town had cancer except a colored man who couldn't read, and he got the drop on the disease and cured himself early in the game by rubbing his foot with half an onion.

One of the most devastating of diseases is symptoms. Out of an exhaustive study of them it is worth while to present a few of the most interesting cases.

Case I. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Plant live in a large city in the Middle West. Mrs. Plant is a young woman of twenty-four years, and Mr. Plant is going on twenty-six and gets forty dollars a week which his father gives him for sitting in his law offices and telling the stenographer some of the funny cases he read about in a book at Harvard Law School. This couple have a baby but no maid.

A few months after the birth of the child Mrs. Plant, a heretofore robust girl who could chin herself ten times, who could get along without eating except between meals, and who was the wonder of her friends because she needed sleep only during the day, became the victim of several strange disorders. Curious symptoms began to manifest themselves in this once normal and vigorous young woman.

Her debility started with a heaviness, almost a coma during the night. This was peculiarly unfortunate, as it made it impossible for her to get out of bed when the baby cried. It became necessary for Mr. Plant to do so on these occasions.

Then one night—it was that night in February of last year when the thermometer dropped to twenty-five below zero and the storm windows blew off—Mr. Plant had been trying to figure out what was wrong with the baby for two hours, when his wife regained consciousness enough to ask him what he had done to quiet the child so quickly.

"I put a tennis ball in his mouth," he said, much cheered up that the cataleptic state had been broken for a flash.

But after this Mrs. Plant's condition, far from improving, became suddenly aggravated. She first became dumb, and soon afterward developed deafness. The dumbness, fortunately, only lasted for thirty-six hours, but the

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deafness prevailed. She could no longer hear the child.

A few weeks elapsed. It was Mrs. Plant's habit, after Mr. Plant had gone to the office and she had read a novel, to give the baby a bath at eleven-thirty sharp. One day she was setting about this task and had filled the bathtub with water. She went downstairs to get little Roderick, who was rubbing bread and butter on his father's golf suit.

SHE picked him up and was just carrying him upstairs when, half way up, she became numb all over. It was just by the greatest exertion of will power that she was able to keep from dropping the child. Then, when she started to undress him, her fingers were as stiff as if frozen. Although she finally got him in the tub with his celluloid ducks, alligators, his rubber ball, toy pump, the can of tooth powder, and Mr. Plant's wrist watch, she found to her horror that she couldn't bend her knees so as to wash the child. She thought she would scream with the pain.

Mrs. Plant hurried downstairs to look up her symptoms in a doctor book with colored illustrations which she had loved to read as a child, and found she had atrophic arthritis and Heberden's nodes in the fingers, with a complication of Charley horse.

After that it became necessary for Horace Plant to get home from the office early and give the baby his bath at half-past five in the afternoon.

One Saturday afternoon Horace's mother went to his home so as to take care of little Roderick so that Horace's poor little wife could play golf with him. The younger Mrs. Plant had consummate contempt for her mother-in-law's methods of rearing children, for the bigoted old woman talked baby talk to youngsters and rocked them, and once was even unprincipled enough to sneak a bellyband on little Roderick.

It was a glorious outing for the young Mrs. Plant and would have been for Horace Plant, too, had it not been for his wife's way of bursting out laughing at every one of his good shots as though it were an accident.

They were approaching the twenty-seventh green. As to score, they were neck and neck. Very exciting. Mrs. Plant's cheeks were glowing with sunburn and exhilaration. Mr. Plant, feeling a little dim, was entertaining a hope that she would sleep less soundly that night.

They were near the green. Mrs. Plant had a short approach to make when, just at the top of her swing, Mr. Plant remarked:

"We must hurry home and see the baby."

Her club came down, and the ball rolled three feet. And just then, as she said afterward, everything went blank.

"Where is it?" she said, shielding her eyes with her palm, like a scout looking over the plains for Indians.

"Right there," he said, pointing at her feet.

"Where?" and she held out her hands, gropingly.

"Right there."

Poor little Mrs. Plant bent over and peered at the ground pitifully. Mr. Plant's heart sank, because he had an intuitive flash that it was the beginning of another calamity. He was right. Formerly she had not been able to hear or feel the child. After this event she could no longer see him.

In consequence Mr. Plant had to take out a second mortgage on their little home for two hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifty cents and hire a maid.

JUST at the top of her swing Mr. Plant remarked: "We must hurry home and see the baby." Her club came down, and the ball rolled three feet.

CASE II. There is the very interesting case in the story of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Lockwood. Mrs. Lockwood is a handsome young woman of Cleveland who says she would rather dance than eat. And she likes to eat. Mr. Lockwood, on the contrary, would rather be shot than go to a dance. It is true he mastered the two-step when he was twenty, but since then he has made no terpsichorean progress. Another thing, he is a short man and feels when he has one of the statuesque beauties of the young married set in his arms that he must present the appearance of one dancing with a polar bear.

Also, when he dances with his wife she does some things he doesn't like. She says, "Don't push me backward forever. I'm getting car sick," and "Reverse! Reverse! Take your foot off my left foot and put it on the other."

Another thing, it makes him boil at every dance the way Mrs. Lockwood, Mae, encourages the cake-eaters, drunks, and all-round bad eggs who frequent that particular country club.

There was to be a big annual dance at that club which he particularly dreaded. He learned that a notorious skunk and expert bachelor with long eyelashes to whom Mae had once believed herself engaged (although in Eddie's private opinion she kidded herself) was coming from New York just for that festivity.

To aggravate matters, Mrs. Lockwood bought a new gown for the affair.

When Eddie saw the gown he said, "You can't wear that."

"I'd like to know why not!"

"They'll call the wagon."

Well, the party was a week away. And poor Eddie Lockwood dreaded it more—oh, much more—than if he were going to be executed that day.

That evening the Reeds were at the Lockwood home to dinner, husband and wife. Eddie didn't like either of them. And the way Mae lapped up cocktails and jabbered about dancing made him sore.

"When," he asked her suddenly when she was drawing a breath, "are you going to weigh two hundred pounds?"

Mae was boiling. But she gave him a look that told him what she thought of him, and went on yammering to Mrs. Reed about the new Jenny neck.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Lockwood. "Goiter?" This was the luckiest crack he ever made, as you will see. It got Mrs. Reed going.

"Fat is glandular," she said. "Maybe you're hyperthyroid, Mae. You want to watch out. Probably myxœdema. You see, you're stouter than you were before you were married. So that is probably what it is. Do you lose much hair?" Mae said she did.

"I see," said Mrs. Reed. "Some of the cases become absolutely bald, and the skin gets dry. You better go to Jones, the big gland man. He'll give you

some extract. But, my goodness! I'd rather have myxœdema than exophthalmic goiter, because that's what makes the eyes stick out, and they say everybody around Cleveland here is apt to get it from not eating fish. This is the goiter belt, you know. Do you feel a funny lump in your neck?" Mae could feel just such a lump.

The next day Mae Lockwood had myxœdema.

"We mustn't go to that fool jamboree Saturday," said Eddie Lockwood. But Mae only said, manifesting all her characteristic stubbornness and bad judgment, "You're cuckoo."

While shaking up the cocktails, Eddie Lockwood said the following Tuesday night:

"Harry Edwards just died. Diabetes. Funny thing; he is the fifth person I know who has cracked off with it in the last two months. A prince of a fellow, too. Darn shame. But he began to put on weight. So much synthetic gin floating around. Now diabetes is divided into two groups: the thin young ones and the old fat ones around thirty-five years of age. But it isn't so serious for the fat ones if they'll cut out the booze and take it in time."

"What are the symptoms?" asked Mrs. Lockwood in a low voice.

"They say thirst and tremendous hunger. And then these birds that are eating candy all the time. Sugar is the devil."

Wednesday Mrs. Lockwood came down with diabetes.

"Honey," said her husband, "I don't want you to go to any of these local doctors. I want to pack you off—hang the expense—to see the biggest diabetes man in New York—right away."

"Wait till after the dance," she replied.

"Now don't be a fool," he said. But a spirited look came into her eyes, so he laid off.

The next day she went on a diet of spinach, artichokes, alligator pears, steak, and crab meat salad, and felt much better.

"Dancing is all right for it," she said Thursday night. "The diabetic is in no way restricted as to activity if he can secure sufficient caloric energy for his diet."

MR. LOCKWOOD said nothing for an hour and a half. He just kept smoking his pipe and looked up at the ceiling with a frown of the deepest abstraction between his eyes.

"Well," he said at last. "One good thing about this diet is that you'll lose weight and have less trouble with your arches."

"My arches?"

"Yes. It's a wonder they haven't caved in already with all the stepping you do."

"Eddie Lockwood, I tell you flat-footedly I simply adore dancing!"

"Flat-footedly?" asked Mr. Lockwood. "Honey, what put that in your head? Any trouble?"

He then told her about his stenographer, Miss Edgar, who could hardly stump around any more. The orthopedic surgeon told her that her feet were too small for her weight, and consequently she had the most excruciating pains in them. The physician said her trouble came from wearing high heels and such expensive slippers which gave her no support. Mr. Lockwood then got out his pencil and illustrated the mechanics of the thing; how the tendons give way and lose their elasticity, bones breaking down, cracking and spreading.

"You see," he explained to his wife as they were walking to the dining room, "the arch caves in until the whole instep spreads on the floor like an egg in a frying pan, and the foot takes on the general shape of a Long Island clam."

SHE says, "Don't push me backward forever. I'm getting car sick."

By the time they got to the dinner table Mrs. Lockwood had to be assisted to her chair. That was Friday night. And the next day she couldn't walk, and, despite her bitter disappointment, it was necessary to call up the club and cancel their table for the dance.

Mr. Lockwood was just as kind and solicitous as he could be. For instance, all Saturday afternoon he sat by her bedside every single minute, doing his very best to entertain his poor wife. He told her a lot of interesting stuff he had learned about Bright's disease, galloping consumption, slow poisoning, leprosy, and Hutchinson's teeth.

CASE III. The patient is just approaching his fortieth birthday. He is a vigorous man who smokes and takes alcohol in moderate amounts except during reunions, conventions, annual banquets, Christmas holidays, and masquerade balls. He noticed one morning while pulling a gray hair, the first he had ever discovered, a tiny yellowish lump on the white of his eye.

The next night was New Year's Eve. He was on his way to a party being given by an oil man from Oklahoma, an old college chum, and was reading one of those syndicated health columns in the evening paper.

> Q.—What causes cataract?
>
> A.—I don't think anyone knows. We know that the tendency all over the body at forty is to get hard. And the sort of tissue that cataract forms in the eye is like the tissue which is formed everywhere in the bodies of elderly people. But if your life has been otherwise abstemious and wholesome I think you have not much cause for worry. Of course, wood alcohol is an ever-present menace as a cause of blindness.

Well, the patient thought no more about the matter. But the next morning, to his horror, he found he had a headache. He immediately knew it was his eyes. Examining them while steadying his hand in preparation for shaving, he could see they were terribly bloodshot. The lump on his eye was still there. Unwilling to believe the worst, he did not consult a doctor at once. But the headache persisted all day. He tried to read an article on The Differential Ratio in International Exchange, but to his horror he couldn't concentrate on it and it made him sleepy. Then, as night came on, he couldn't even see.

In consternation he groped for his hat and set out for the offices of a big eye man. On the way his vision failed so rapidly that he had to be helped across Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue by a kind young lady.

Well, the big eye man first gave him a thorough physical examination, and wrote down his history.

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Drink?"

"In moderation, doctor."

"Aha!" cried the doctor.

Then came the part of the process that the patient dreaded more than anything he had ever experienced in all his life. He thought his heart would burst with the suspense of it, the agony of his anxiety.

The great oculist sat him in a chair and pointed an arc light in his eyes.

"Can you see me now?" he asked.

"Yes."

The oculist doubled the candle power.

"Can you see me now?"

"Yes."

The candle power was tripled.

"Now?"

"Yes."

Mad as a hornet, the oculist quadrupled the candle power and went out into the hall and shut the door.

"Now?"

"In the hall."

"Right!" cried the oculist, re-entering. "Now YOU'RE it."

Case IV. Mrs. Hugh Ponsonby of Minne-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

6,000,000 a Day

In fact, Coca-Cola has an average sale of more than six million drinks for every day in the year ~ It has the charm of purity.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF/ FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

apolis, better known by her pen name, Susan Wise Ponsonby, because she had sold an article to a woman's magazine entitled The Dining Room Unusual, was a prominent club woman in charge of a pageant to be held during the great civic celebration of the ninth anniversary of the dedication of the Ole Knutsen tablet in Loring Park. Incidentally, Mrs. Morrison was the first woman in Minneapolis who had the courage to use a vacuum cleaner. The pageant to be presented was an exquisite little thing from her own pen.

It was to be given in the early evening on the lawn before the Art Institute. There were parts in the pageant for all the debutantes, members of the Junior League, and prominent young matrons. Everyone in the city who had had æsthetic dancing—there were parts for them, too.

There was only one male part in the pageant, and, curiously enough, this was allotted to Mrs. Morrison's son, John. He was to be a sort of marathon runner.

When all the maidens in their Greek costumes had finished hippity-hopping and greeting the dawn with mad glad gestures and flung themselves on the ground, John was to come running across the greensward, exhausted, dash up in the midst of all this plaisance, fall at the feet of Truth, and shout, faintingly, "Victory is ours!" That was all he had to do.

Well, this youth John was twenty years old, six feet one inch tall, weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and had had his nose broken in three places in football. Incidentally, in a foot race, if the elephant were not so fast he could have beaten one.

WELL, when John heard what he had to do he set up a roar that could be heard in St. Paul. But Mrs. Morrison said:

"Hush! You remember that time when you were eleven years old and I let you off from dancing school? Well, this is what you can do now to make it up to me."

The day of the pageant John woke up with his mouth tasting like a motorman's mitt. He also had a severe backache. In the early afternoon his neck stiffened.

"I don't know what it is," he told his mother. "But it's the funniest thing! My neck hurts when I run. You know how Bernie Hobbs got paralyzed? I'll bet anything I got that, too. I'm darn worried."

At two o'clock——

"My foot!" he said, with his eyes shut and his face drawn with pain. "My poor dogs." His mother asked him what was the matter with them.

"Well, Ma, I haven't told you, and I suppose I ought to have long ago, but I've had an awful pain all the way from the knee to the foot for months, and I didn't like to tell you because I was afraid you'd worry. But remember that time last year I was limping? Well, that was it."

"But you must come in limping. That will be fine."

At three o'clock a mole on his neck became cancerous. Then a cat scratched his hand, which quickly became gangrenous.

At four he had appendicitis.

"Where does it hurt?"

"Right here," he said. It was the wrong side.

At five his costume arrived, and he had to get out of his clothes and try on the regalia.

"Julius Kraut! Look at that!" he cried and pointed to a spot on his chest. "Smallpox! Honest to gosh, Ma, I'm scared. There's a lot of it going around."

At five he brushed his teeth. He noticed something that alarmed him terribly, and he hollered for Mrs. Morrison to come quick.

"Mamma," he said, "look!" And he held out the towel for inspection. "Look! I spit blood. What do you think that means?"

"That you haven't brushed your teeth for a month," she said.

BUT at six o'clock he undoubtedly had a bad summer cold, which rapidly turned into the grip, and John himself had a hunch there were complications of influenza and pneumonia in it. He went to bed. No matter what they said to him, he couldn't open his eyes, and he must have been delirious, as he used words which Mrs. Morrison knew she had never heard before.

"Well, John," she said, standing by his bedside, "I think you might have been more careful of yourself. I have just telephoned Mrs. Ogle, and she tells me she will get her son, Merrill, to do it, although he hasn't the build for it, even if he did study with Ruth St. Denis. I think you're mean."

Now, from the medical and solely pathological point of view, this case has an interesting denouement. Mrs. Morrison, a half hour later, just happened to return to her residence, as there had been a hurry call for safety pins. She found that her son had completely recovered in a truly miraculous way and was eating chocolate cake in the kitchen. Her mother's heart incalculably relieved that he was still alive, she rushed him to the institute grounds and arrived, by the rarest good fortune, just in time for him to make his entrance. And so it was that John Morrison became famous for being the only man of his weight and speed who had ever had a sole masculine part among one hundred and nineteen debutantes and kindergarten teachers. This bit of good fortune, as you will guess, earned him a big name, particularly in the local chapter of his own fraternity.

THE END

KEEPING *the* BIG BAGS *in the* AIR

By Lieutenant Commander
CLIFFORD A. TINKER

Official U. S. Navy Photo

The Story of the Secret Diplomacy That Led to America's Epoch-Making Airship Success

DURING the World War Lieutenant Commander Tinker, now retired, was first assistant and later acting chief engineer of naval aviation in Europe, attached to Admiral Sims's staff. From 1919 to 1921 he was information officer of the Bureau of Aeronautics. He was the personal representative of the Secretary of the Navy on the trans-Atlantic flight and was with the rigid airship ZR-2 expedition in England. In 1923 he was information director of the National Aeronautic Association.

Lieutenant Commander Tinker worked on war plans in the Far East, the Canal Zone, and other important areas of American naval influence. He has been a member of various aeronautic committees and wrote much of the navy's Official History of Naval Aviation in the World War. He has also contributed to leading magazines. In 1924 he became editor of Aero Digest.

I SCURRIED down the corridor of the Navy Building in Washington three steps at a time. I was trying my darndest to get on the job ahead of the new "Old Man" who, less than eighteen hours before, had taken over the ragged-edged problem of running naval aviation. Suddenly a door burst open. A gray-haired man with a fighting face stepped over the threshold and called, "Come in here, I want to see you." I went in.

"Look here, Tinker," he snapped, "you're one of those chaps around here who think pretty well of rigid airships, aren't you?"

I admitted that I was one such, not a little nettled at the tone used by the new "chief."

"Well," he ripped at me, "if you've got anything good to say about them, let me hear it. I'll give you fifteen minutes to state your case, but I warn you it won't do you a bit of good; I'm going to wash lighter-than-air off the slate in this man's navy!"

I was sick. Here was a man whose bravery in battle had brought him the Medal of Honor and whose administrative brilliancy had won him high honors and a Distinguished Service Medal, apparently shirking a duty. The man who recruited, trained, and indoctrinated three hundred thousand sailors, more than sixty-five per cent of our total naval enlisted force during the World War, the real father of the Great Lakes Training Station and its wartime commander, seemed to me to be shying at a task.

It was true the development of the rigid airship section of naval aviation could be accounted our toughest problem, but we had all, with sighs of relief, dismissed our doubts of its future progress when William A. Moffett, then a captain, was appointed chief of naval aviation. But here he was, it appeared to me, quitting us before he had fairly started.

But I was angry enough to face him. I recall telling him that I had a lot to say, and that I would like to bring in Lansdowne, the present commander of the dirigible Shenandoah, but at that time head of the airship section of naval aviation, and that we would give him all the information he could ask for.

He grunted and told me to get Lansdowne and have the thing over with at once.

RUSHING into Lansdowne's room, I blurted out to him the new chief's demand. Lansdowne and I got some data together and went into the captain's lair. He listened without comment until we had gone over the case.

A moment or two of silence: then Moffett reached for his seagoing pipe and admitted in a low tone that he needed some tobacco.

"Well, boys," he said, filling his pipe with some of my curve-cut, "I knew blamed well I could count on both of you. I'll tell you what *we* are going to do. We are going to put over this rigid airship business with a bang! Nothing can stop us, for the country needs 'em."

Lansdowne and I staggered into the corridor. We leaned on each other for a moment,

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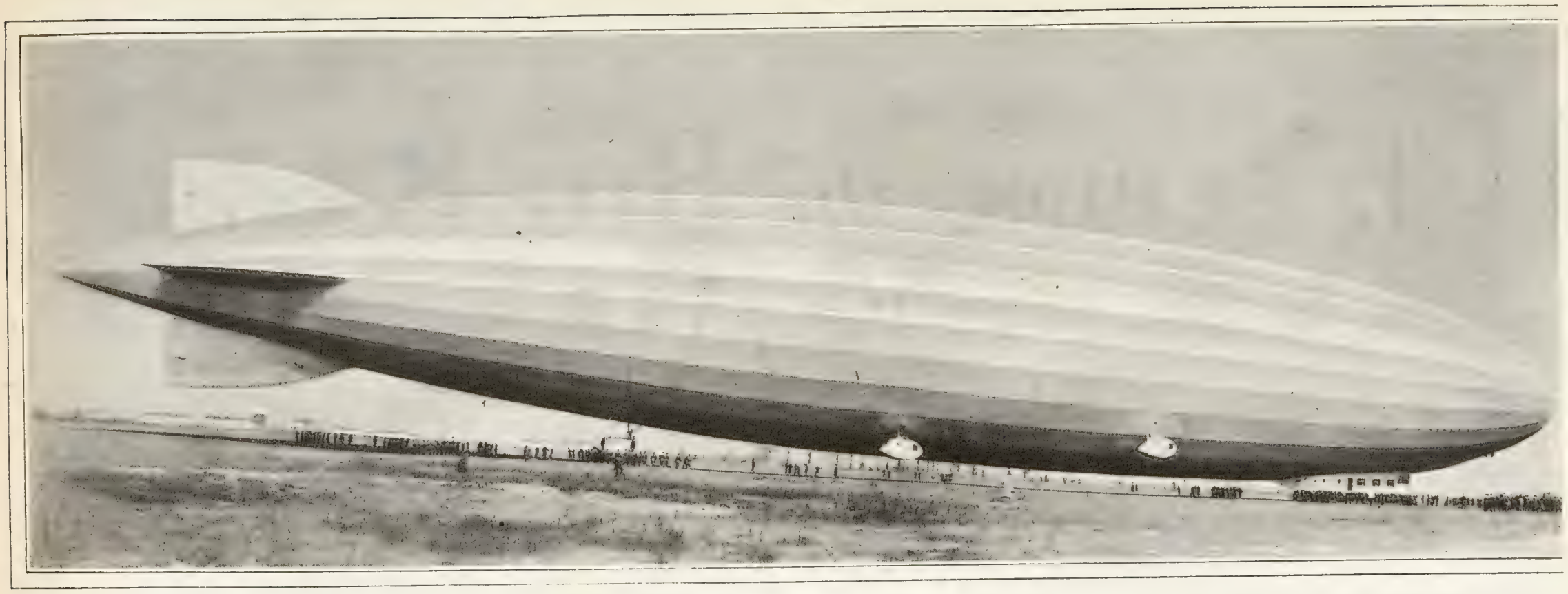


The giant German-built dirigible ZR-3, now called the Los Angeles, being maneuvered into its

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

and then we let out a hoot that brought the gang. We told the news. The enthusiasm of that moment has never cooled off. The reaction of Moffett's decision after the shock of his first hard-boiled avowal has been one of the prime factors upon which naval aviation is built, and it's the core of our morale.

Yet, I venture to remark, had Moffett known what he was in for he would have gone through our data a second time before his final decision. No real epoch-making success, like ours with rigid airships, has ever been won against greater obstacles.

ADMIRAL MOFFETT assumed the leadership of naval aviation in February, 1921. At that time we had made some progress in the acquisition of rigid airships. This was in line with the ruling of the Joint Aeronautical Board that the navy should develop rigids for this country, a measure adopted to save duplication of effort by the army and navy.

So, in February, 1921, we had under construction in England the R-38, known to Americans as the ZR-2, and were just beginning the framework of the ZR-1, now the Shenandoah, at the naval aircraft factory at Philadelphia, while the giant airship hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey, was nearing completion. And, too, we had an experimental helium plant at Fort Worth, Texas, with a pipe line from Petrolia to Fort Worth, linking the natural gas fields in the vicinity of those two Texas cities, giving a comparatively large supply of natural gas, from which helium gas is extracted.

With the contract for the building of the ZR-2 we had bought facilities for training mechanics, an operating crew, and certain officers in the building and operation of rigid airships, and when Moffett came, the personnel for the project was in England under training. This represents the situation obtaining when the chief declared, "We are going to put over this rigid airship business with a bang."

Howbeit, from that time on it seemed to us that the captain's declaration was a direct challenge to fate. The number and variety of pestiferous obstacles and downright disasters which fell upon us like some evil flood nearly sank us without trace.

A tremendous "push" was on for a united air force, an organization which should combine under one head all the aeronautic activities of the Federal government. Naval flyers were to be trained on the plains of Texas and then *loaned* to the navy if thought proper by the commanders of the proposed force.

To make matters worse, the details of the German rigid airship service were made public, but only those details which told of disaster, of loss, and damage. This had an immediate discouraging effect on Congress, and, if the truth were known, among naval officers generally. Lansdowne and a few others were all that Moffett had to rely upon, for some of the most competent officers on his staff were loud in their criticism of rigid airships.

Right on top of this came the wreck of the R-34, the British rigid which came to the United States in July, 1919, and on which Lansdowne was a passenger. The only gleam of sunshine connected with this affair rested in the report that no one was hurt when the ship crashed.

But the effect on our situation was bad. The proponents of a united air force jumped in and an effort was made to curtail the navy's control of the development of rigid airships and have that control turned over to the army.

This attack failed, but resulted in the army's semi-rigid airship enterprise, the purchase of the second-hand airship Roma from Italy.

To cap the climax, no money was available for helium extraction. Thus we would not have enough for the ZR-1 when finished, or for the ZR-2 when she should arrive in America.

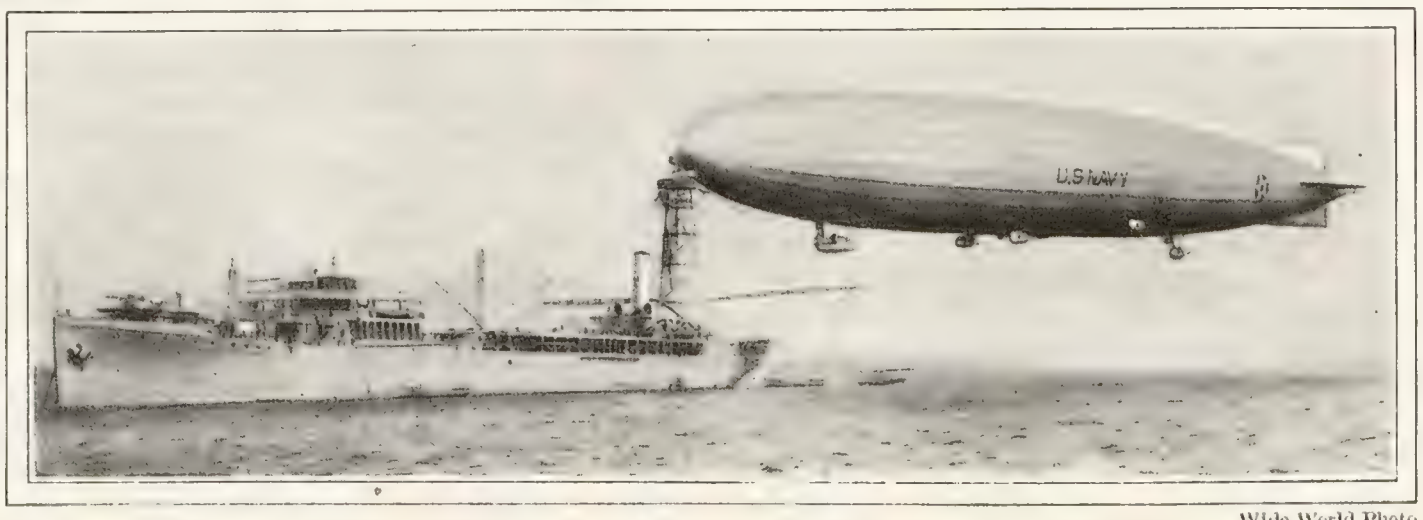
With all this fog in the air, I left for England in June, 1921, to come back with the ZR-2, which, in spite of many delays, appeared to be ready for her trials. While I was en route the navy bill passed. It so happened that Moffett was able to win a new Bureau of Aeronautics in the Navy Department, and was appointed its chief, with rank of rear admiral.

ON my arrival in England I learned at once that much of the adverse opinion in America respecting the value of rigid airships had its origin in London. The British themselves were in a sweet mess.

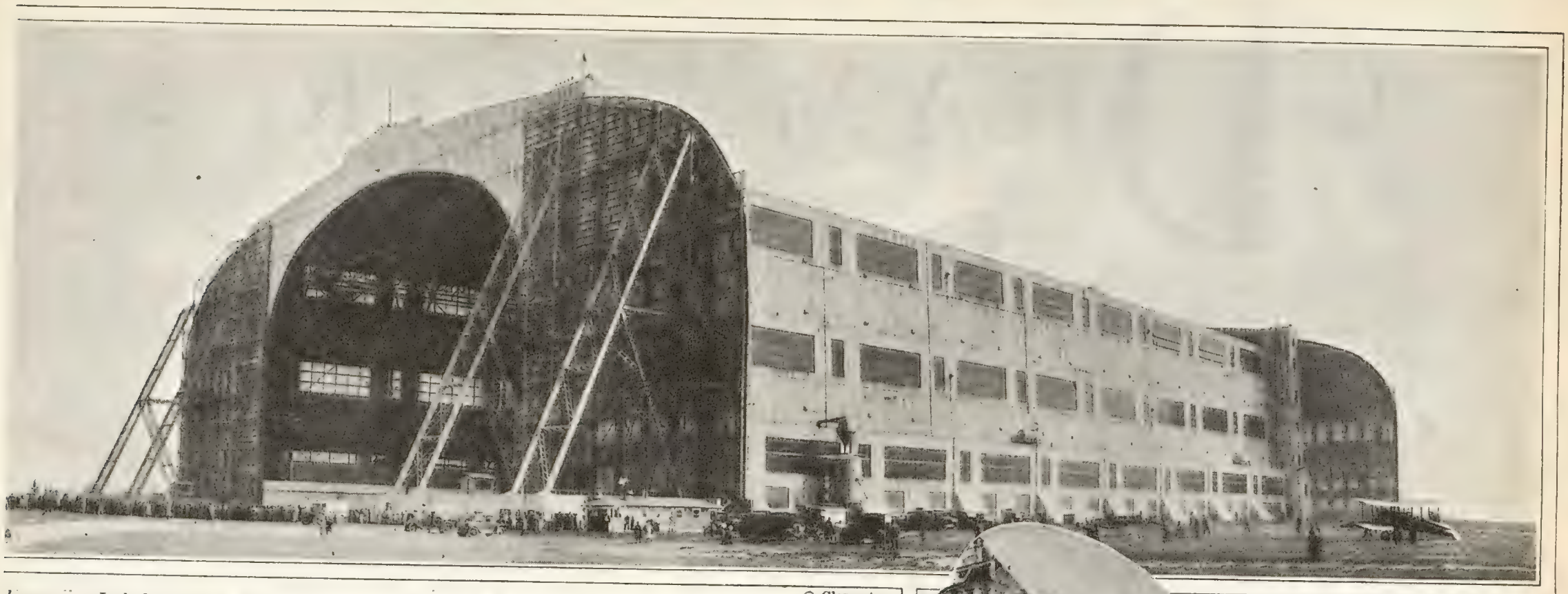
Under the pressure of war necessities an Air Ministry had been formed in the British government and the Royal Air Force organized by taking over the army air force and scuttling naval aviation. The personnel of naval aviation had been added to that of the Royal Air Force and these flying sailors were doing duty over the sandy wastes of Egypt and the Iraq. Naturally, there was a big row on between the Air Ministry and the Admiralty.

This row centered over the control of rigid airships, the admiralty contending that they were adjuncts to the navy and should thus be in their charge. The Royal Air Force thought differently, and, being in control for the moment, stopped work on the rigids then under construction and abandoned the Empire's airship program. Nevertheless, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry were working together in an effort to keep other nations from developing rigid airships until such time as they could compose their differences and add those craft to the British air arm. This being the case, the Air Ministry and the Admiralty materially aided in disseminating propaganda against airship construction and operation in the United States.

About this time we were in the throes of a lively discussion before the Council of Ambassadors at Versailles concerning the possibility of getting a replacement airship from Germany. England, France, and Japan were against our



The navy dirigible Shenandoah lashed to its mast on the U. S. S. Patoka. Wide World Photo



hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey, after its flight from Europe. © Clements

having a ship large enough to cross the Atlantic.

While at the American Embassy in London, waiting for the ZR-2's completion, I learned that the Imperial Council was holding meetings in Downing Street, and that one subject under discussion was an Imperial airship program. If we could learn what the British themselves actually thought about rigid airships and what they intended to do, we might be able to straighten out the matter under discussion before the Council of Ambassadors at Versailles and secure a ship from Germany comparable in size to the ZR-1.

At Versailles the British maintained that rigid airships of 27,500 cubic meters gas capacity were the largest that could be built as commercial ships. Above that size everything must be considered in the light of military or naval aircraft and thus be tabooed. At London, however, the Imperial Council went on record as having come to the decision that any airship of less than 100,000 cubic meters gas capacity was useless for either commerce or war.

This information was secured, placed before Admiral Moffett and Commander Lansdowne and transmitted through our State Department to Versailles. Placing this information before the Council of Ambassadors acted as a bombshell. But there was still hesitancy in allowing the United States to obtain a German-built rigid.

IN the midst of these proceedings a terrible disaster occurred. The ZR-2, while undergoing her final trial, broke in two over Hull, England, and fell in flames into the River Humber, with a loss of forty-four lives. This catastrophe was a terrific blow to the prestige of rigid airships.

Britain's Air Ministry seized this time of international mourning to crowd to extremes its propaganda against airship development in the United States. It does not strain the imagination to believe that Congress was a willing listener. Yet Admiral Moffett renewed his attack on the Council of Ambassadors and on the British government in an effort to obtain a German-built ship. He told the British that inasmuch as the ZR-2 was gone, and through their responsibility, they should see to it that the Council awarded us a ship. The British yielded, France and Japan fell into line, and the ZR-3, a commercial ship, recently flown to America and now called the Los Angeles, is the result.

Sixteen of our own officers and men were killed in the ZR-2 disaster, including Commander Louis H. Maxfield, who was the senior officer of our airship detachment in England. The writer escaped the fate of these men through a fortunate circumstance and so had the mournful duty of bringing their broken bodies home to the United States, which, through the courtesy of the British government, was done on His Majesty's light cruiser Dauntless.

Arriving at the Navy Department, I was called into conference with Admiral Moffett and Commander Lansdowne, when it was decided to inflate a small nonrigid airship with helium and fly her over Washington to demonstrate to Congress and the nation that airships were safe when the highly inflammable hydrogen gas was eliminated.

Thus the C-7, a Navy "blimp," was the first airship in the world to be filled with helium, and her flight, December 7, 1921, contributed materially to clearing away the gloom surrounding the subject of airships.

But the hoodoo was not to be denied, for on February 21, 1922, the Army's semi-rigid airship Roma crashed at Hampton Roads, the hydrogen in its balloonets took fire, and thirty-four officers and men were killed or died of injuries. Here seemed to be the last straw and the end of our airship program. However, these victims of hydrogen did not die in vain. Through the press, the public was made acquainted with the fact that Congress, by refusing to provide the meager sum necessary to transport helium for the Roma from Fort Worth, Texas, to Langley Field, Virginia, had sacrificed the ship and crew.

Admiral Moffett pressed his advantage, with the result that sufficient amounts were appropriated to complete the airship projects under way and give us the helium to fill the Shenandoah. Since that time public opinion has undergone a tremendous change.

Wide World Photo

The Shenandoah moored to a mast at Fort Worth, Texas, the first stopover on its recent transcontinental flight.

The Shenandoah was the first to take the air, and she proved herself to be a stanch ship, vindicating Admiral Moffett and his aids to the full, while adding laurels to America's achievements in the air. Now we have the Los Angeles, another triumph of aerial design, and we are without question the leading nation in rigid airship development in the world today. For this we may thank William Adger Moffett.

It will be understood that the writer in no wise desires to withhold any measure of credit due Admiral Moffett's loyal aids or any other individual who contributed to the establishment of rigid airships as a factor in American aeronautics; but the lion's share in the whole project, both in labor and accomplishment, rests with the admiral. His task was monumental. It has been well done.

THE END

DRAMA FOR LUNCH

By ELISABETH COBB CHAPMAN

ELISABETH COBB CHAPMAN, author of this sprightly story, is the daughter of Irvin S. Cobb, one of America's foremost writers. Mrs. Chapman was educated in private schools and by tutors and has traveled extensively. Of late she has turned her attention to writing, with marked success. Liberty readers will recall with pleasure former stories by Mrs. Chapman which have appeared in this weekly.

A Stirring Short Story of an Actress Who Lost a Millionaire but Found Herself

Pictures by CLARENCE MCCARTHY

LOLA LYON peered anxiously at the dim reflection of herself which was all the mirror was able to give her in the obscure and unreliable light that filtered through the one window into her tiny room. A dim reflection and unreliable was all that she had seen of herself in the early morning since she had left the cast of Hail and had moved from her bright little suite in the Hotel Swanee to this miserable, crowded hole. It hardly seemed possible that one hotel could hold on the same floor, under the same management, such a contradiction as this room and that suite.

Lola Lyon sighed and touched with tentative fingers the circles outlining her eyes. She was half ill with fatigue this morning, fatigue which came not only from lack of sufficient sleep but also from a lethargy of mind and body which had gripped her for a long time now.

Her eyes were heavy and they burned almost as though sand had been rubbed under the lids; her tongue felt thick and her head ached with a dull pain, a pain that was indefinite insomuch as she could not have put her fingers to her forehead and said "it aches here and here," but which numbed and befogged her whole system.

She would have given anything for a drink. Her morning coffee had not helped her at all, but she could not afford even synthetic gin these days. There had been a time, not so long ago either, when morning circles under her eyes had been more or less of an achievement. In those days when she had lived way up town in a little apartment sorely overcrowded and dark, but whose windows, if one craned a little, gave one a swift, bright glimpse of Riverside Drive, shining steel in the rain, a white ribbon in the sun, there had been Lyons innumerable to look after and guard their "little genius."

In those days circles had been an achievement. They meant that for a few divine hours of dancing she had forgotten that she must work, that she was destined for a career, that she was different. They meant that for a few hours she had evaded that not wholly selfless affection and had snatched at pleasure. And the circles made her look older.

The Lyons' entire efforts and hopes were turned to the day when Lola would fill out a little and grow a little, begin to look her eighteen years instead of an undeveloped fourteen. Then would come fame, stardom, and ease and glory for Lola and, by reflection, for all the race of impecunious and commonplace Lyons.

They fed her on milk and eggs, saw that she had exercise and dancing lessons and elocution lessons and endless, fretful care. "Just drink this, dear, it will make you fat. Dance, dear, it will make you graceful." Sometimes they irritated her so that she thought she could not stand it. They fairly panted for joy as her childhood passed.

This January morning as Lola cupped her face in her hands and peered anxiously at herself she remembered those days and smiled bitterly. She had grown up all right enough. The circles had come to stay. In three short years they had engraved themselves into the very texture of her skin. She had been through so much, so wildly plunged herself into the muds of life, that sometimes she wondered that she looked as well as she did.

With a weary little shiver she turned from the glass, switched on the electric lights, and began the intricate and important business of dressing. She huddled on her torn, flimsy underclothes and the straight dress which, though mussed, had once upon a time been fitted so carefully to her body that it still clung with a certain grace. Her sleazy silk stockings were stained at the heel and one of them had pulled into a long run. Her short vamped velvet slippers were dusty, but she had no better.

The easy part of her job was done. Her hair was difficult. It had to be wound, *just so*, or the heavy, blue black mass obscured her face, overweighted it instead of framing it. Then, with face pulled into a frown of concentration, she carefully outlined her soft, full lips with orange paste, powdered her face heavily with the golden brown powder with which she attempted to restore the even glow which had once been so charming.

Then she smoothed her eyebrows. There was nothing she could do to her eyes. They were better left alone. Just one touch of mascara and then not only late nights and heavy drinking would show but she would have the ghastly drugged look which spelled final degradation. Thank God, her eyes did not reveal that—yet. Finally she tilted a small black hat over her eyes. Fortunately she possessed a hat that threw a dark shadow over them. It helped.

It was terribly important that she should look well today. She studied the effect she had achieved as well as she could in the short glass and was almost satisfied with her appearance. The paint did not look blatantly artificial to her. In her eyes she looked herself again.

She was used to seeing her eyes dull, her skin flabby, and her mouth drawn by those telltale lines which speak of self-indulgence, and bad temper, envy, and endless, endless dissipation. She kicked some fallen tousled clothes out of her way, snapped off the lights, and left her room.

Downstairs the dark lobby of the Swanee, newly decorated, like a decaying old woman tricked out with rouge and a frivolous hat, was crowded with young actresses, very vivacious and important; old critics, vivacious and important, too, but creaking a little; men dancers and moving picture actors and a small swarm of heavy "out-of-towners" here to see the celebrities and at present engaged in identifying them in shrill and awed whispers. Over the buzz boomed the great voice of George Ethan, as always, playing the simple-hearted genius.

Lola drew a deep breath as she stepped out of the elevator. She was hailed and at once absorbed by the crowd.

"Why, darling, how tired you look!" cried young Marcia English. "Poor little Lola" was still a celebrity, but one with whom it was safe to be catty. She was slipping.

THERE were stories whispered about her that were met always with the ready laugh of contempt. It was known that no manager would trust her with a job any more. A brilliant success in the first two months of Hail had been followed by a series of slipshod, tipsy performances, culminating in the awful night when she had been unable to go on with the show because she was too drunk to speak, had not only killed a sure box-office success but, in the profession, had discredited utterly an actress of rare promise.

George Ethan greeted her with a suddenly diminished boom. A year ago he had been at her feet. But now——? A group of girls,

brightly self-conscious young creatures, passed her with small smiles and cursory greetings. They were in a hurry. They were busy. They would rush through lunch, their table always reserved for them, a reviewing stand, one of the "sights" of the Swanee.

Innumerable men, busy men, important men would drift up, stay for a few moments, laugh, flatter. They were Broadway's baby stars. The child Duses. The kid Bernhardts. In a little while they would rush off to their matinees.

Lola watched them resentfully, tears pricking at her eyelids. A year ago when she had been the Broadway sensation — a star at twenty-three — the critics' darling, the new "find," they would have carried her along with them. But now——? Oh, it was terribly important for her to look well today. She did not dare let herself think how important it was. Her mind edged away from the possibility of failure, because if she failed today there was nothing left.

The eddies of people parted and drifted around and by her. In a few minutes she was left alone. A sneer, part contempt, more jealousy, was on her lips, and in her tired eyes under the protecting hat brim was the baffled but ever-dangerous gleam of the cornered animal.

II.

LOLA was greeted presently by a shy, slim boy, struggling with a blush half the result of his inward thrill that he was about to have the privilege of taking her to lunch and half because a stout lady had just announced in a quite audible whisper that he was "that divine Norman Hughes."

Well, he did look something like Hughes. He wished that he were. He might be more attractive to Lola if he were. Since he had met her he felt that there were other careers more desirable than being the sole heir of a pickle factory. Millions, he felt, held no glamour in her eyes; only achievement had that.

Lola greeted him with a smile that she was actress enough to make appealing and somehow wistful. She felt her heart leap with anxiety. They shook hands lingeringly. He had so much to say to her that he stammered and found only conventionalities at his voice's command.

"Let's lunch here?" said Lola. "Of course it's rowdy, but rather amusing." A little shrug proclaimed her tolerance of the Hotel Swanee.

The head waiter, a living index of who is who in the theater, gave them a table with more deference than he had shown her since the first rumors of the real reason why she left Hail had begun to circulate. Lola walked through the crowded dining room with her head high, jauntily, with the gamin's swing for which she had been famous. There was real triumph in her face. This boy was *hooked*. She was sure of that now. He had shyly hinted of his love the night before, and she had doubted because she did not understand shyness. Now she was sure. It was writ plain enough upon his face.

They leaned toward each other over the

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AGAIN he leaned over the table. "I can't stand it any longer, Lola. I love you so."

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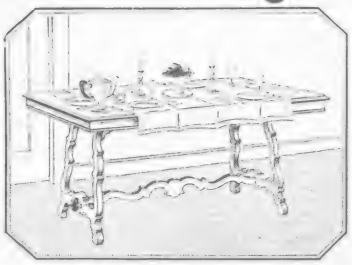

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1 - Draw out sides of Library Table

2 - Unfold hidden leaf

3 - Close sides making roomy Dining Table

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Imperial LIBRARY 2 in 1 DINING Table

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

table. He forgot that he was in a crowded restaurant and that this divine girl was famous. Her face, shadowed under her hat, was all the world. All the dreams of all the world dwelt there for him.

Suddenly he found his tongue. "It is good to be with you again. Just think, I haven't seen you since last night. Years and years ago. I've been awfully lonely, Lola. I missed you so."

"Did you?" she smiled at him. "Did you, really? Or is that just one of those Middle-Western lines? I missed you, too," softly.

He leaned even farther over the table, but retreated precipitantly before the advance of a waiter with the menu.

"Eggs Benedict and tea, orange pekoe with lemon," said Lola without looking at it.

"Coffee," said the boy. The waiter left, disgusted.

"Did you really think of me?" he asked.

She nodded solemnly.

"YOU know," he went on, "last night when I said good-by to you it seemed to me that I could not bear to see you shoot out of sight in that elevator. I was afraid. Afraid that I would never see you again. And you looked so little and so tired and frail. Lola, I want to take care of you."

"Tired! I guess I did," thought Lola. "Dancing until four in the morning on one lemonade doesn't give you much kick. But he'd drop dead if I asked for a drink."

She looked at him tenderly.

"Oh, you are sweet!" she sighed. "And I am tired. Of course, I have my career, and that means everything, and when one has made a little success—by the way, did I ever show you my notices in Hail? Well, when one is proclaimed like that and all the years of hard work get recognition, of course that is glorious, but I *am* tired and sometimes I do wish I could get away from it all."

"Won't you let me take you?" he said. "Oh, Lola, you keep putting me off. You have never given me any encouragement. I'd give you everything in the world you want, and such love. Oh, my dear, say that you will!"

"If he thinks I've never given him any encouragement I've been getting away with some pretty slick work," thought Lola.

The waiter arrived with the eggs Benedict and the tea, orange pekoe with lemon, and the coffee.

The boy lit a cigarette and inhaled it fiercely. Lola looked at him steadily. She felt a little dizzy. She really couldn't put him off any longer. Day after day he had dangled after her while she prayed that "something would turn up." She didn't want to marry him. She didn't want to marry anyone. It seemed such an unneces-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

sary convention to her. But he would never be useful to her in any other capacity than that of a husband—that she knew. He was a damn fool kid with a whole lot of morals. Cozy little apartments with all the bills paid and a ready entree for the payer wasn't his style. She did not want to be buried in that horrible town of his. She was Lola Lyon.

Again he leaned over the table.

"I can't stand it any longer, Lola. I love you so. I don't believe you understand how much I love you. I'm going home today. Will you come with me?"

She looked at him, her eyes big, frightened.

"Oh, my dear!" he cried, "if you would only come. I've never cared much for girls, real girls, you know. They jarred. I've had a dream girl though. And she has been my vision and my delight always. I've always seen her shining and white and beautiful and so how could I love any other girl? I thought that I would never find her. And then, my dear, I met you."

Lola gasped. "Down for the third time? What price slush?" she thought.

"I've always been lonely," he went on. "So terribly lonely. It seemed to me that all my life was like a long corridor, dark and lonely and cold, because since my mother died I've never found anyone to be my friend. Until I found you. And you are all the dreams, and my friend and my white, shining girl and my love.

"I wish you could have known my mother, Lola. She would have loved you so. She was Italian, you know, and very beautiful. I think I will never see anyone so beautiful. Everyone who knew her loved her. She was like a star. I thought that I should die when she died, that I could never love anyone again. But, do you know"—his voice sank—"since I met you I do not long for her any more. You are first. That is how I love you. I have no place for any other love."

There were tears in Lola's eyes. The drama of this had reached her. She could always be played upon easily. Her facile emotions stirred at a touch. She was grateful to him for making it so easy for her. She came nearer being fond of him at that moment than she had ever been before. The pretty little speech that would seal her fate trembled on her lips.

She lifted her face from her plate to answer him and then she saw his eyes. It seemed to her it was the first time that she had ever seen them. It was as though a curtain had been withdrawn from his soul. There was adoration and trust and such love in them that they made her afraid.

She found herself remembering. Remembering the night that her father had turned her out of the house because he had found out —things. And Jack Turner's eyes when he had caught her in his best friend's arms. And how the producer of Hail had talked to her the night he fired her after that last week's debauch. And she remembered the things she had said to him. And, worst of all, she remembered the night she had overheard two chorus girls talking of her and the nasty word they had called her—almost justified, too. Now she felt as though she were physically shriveling beneath the love in this boy's eyes, his terrible eyes.

"No," she said sharply, shrilly, "no, I can't marry you. I'm sorry. I'm sorrier than you will ever know. But I can't, I can't."

"Lola, my dear"—there was such pain in his face and voice that she winced. "Don't say that. Think it over; don't send me away like that."

Lola gripped the edge of the table with her hands. She was acting as she never had before. She was sending away safety, love, luxury, all because of a look in a boy's eyes. But, God, she couldn't do it. He must leave or she might weaken.

"For God's sake go away from me," she muttered. "For God's sake, I tell you. I loathe you, you—you——"

"Lola!"

"Go." Her mouth had fallen open stupidly, her eyes were dull.

He went out through the crowded restaurant half blind with pain, knocking against chairs as he went. A small stir of interest followed his passage. He did look queer.

Lola sat at the table, twisting her napkin in her hands, watching him until he had passed from sight. She felt stunned, only half able to realize what she had done. Something in her head kept saying over and over, "I can't let him go; I mustn't let him. He's the last chance, the last chance." And yet she could not rise from the table and go after him, and she knew that she would never see him again. "He shouldn't have hit below the belt like that," she muttered.

The waiter called her back to consciousness of her surroundings by arriving with the luncheon check.

"It's a good thing," she thought wryly, as she signed it, "that I didn't order a lot. I guess I'm still good for that much."

Then she got up and left the room, walking a little unsteadily, while amused glances followed her.

"Lyon is tight again."

[CONT. ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE was hailed and at once absorbed by the crowd.

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Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

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[CONTIN'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

they telegraphed to one another.

She stood alone in the lobby, swaying and dizzy. George Ethan and the old critics and all the rest of her world passed her and went out. She was dead, theatrically. No manager would trust her. They had said her careless performances had killed Hail, ruined a show that should have been an enormous financial success.

She held on to the big chair and looked her future in the face. It was not pretty.

"But I couldn't marry him," she said aloud. "I couldn't. It was like shooting fish."

Rufous Wilkes, famous and discriminating playwright and manager, saw her as he turned into the Swanee for his lunch. He favored her with a glance of mingled distaste and compassion, sorry that he should run into her today, for not an hour before he had finally decided that she would not do for the part of *Jenny* in The Ladder of Gold.

"I know she's the type," he had thought, "but somehow, some way, she misses. She can put over the gamin quality, the attractive hoyden, nobody better, but *Jenny* has something else, a fineness that Lyon could never get. She'd kill the show for me. Too bad she's such a little tramp."

BUT as he turned his head away something in her expression caught his eye. There was a softness there, a bravery of pose and eye that arrested him. This was not bravado; he had seen her flaunting that through all these lean months when her world had stood back from her with mocking pity or with scorn. He had rather admired her for the pose.

Now he saw something else in her face. A newly found inner integrity had lit her eyes and stiffened her chin. He realized that she did not see him. She was fighting something, and winning.

"By Judas," he said, "she *can* play *Jenny!*" With a start Lola looked up at him as he stopped by her side. She passed one hand over her eyes with a gesture, as though she were rubbing away a cobweb. Then her famous little smile twisted her lips.

"Hello, Rufous," she said. "I'm glad you stopped. A few kind words will do me no harm. I've just been pulling a Boy Scout act, a good deed every day, and it was kind of hard."

He could see that tears were close behind the smile.

"Come and have some lunch with me," he said, gruffly. "I've got a new part that you might be interested in."

Again her hand strayed toward her face in that automatic, brushing gesture. Then she took his arm, and together they walked into the restaurant.

THE END

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My Experience with Psycho-Analysis

THE author and his wife, Peggy Wood, at home.

The Secret History of a Celebrated Love Affair with a Scientific Angle

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

IN a previous article in Liberty Elisabeth Redfield described her experiences in The Woman Who Was Psycho-Analyzed, presenting the viewpoint of a woman. In this article Mr. Weaver tells of the trials and troubles he underwent and how he was restored to health and happiness, too, through psycho-analysis.

Mr. Weaver is one of the best known of the younger writers in this country. He has published several books of poems, a novel, contributed to leading magazines, and, as told in this article, Mr. Weaver married Peggy Wood, the noted actress.

TODAY I am normally well physically; happily married; unharassed by fears of failure, and able to pursue my literary efforts, for better or worse, with a measure of calmness. That such is my condition—and the difference between my state now and two years ago is nothing short of tremendous—I owe to the much abused and seldom understood science of psycho-analysis.

All of this, mind you, despite the fact that I have never been really psycho-analyzed. I have consulted with four analysts, it is true; all four are among the seven or eight acknowledged leaders of the science in America. Two of them could easily have wrecked my mind, my life, and my career had I continued with them. One, by a few hints, aided me toward the recovery of my writing confidence. The other brought me happiness because he analyzed someone else.

The one conclusion at which I have arrived from my own experience and from that of close friends is that many, many more disorders than are commonly suspected can be traced to mental and nervous origins, and can be cured by treatment from the right analyst.

My theories on the subject, fragmentary and elementary as they are, have been derived from my reading, from conversations with various experts, and from experience. Here is a hint of my reasoning process:

Through the conscious mind by means of the senses come impressions. These impressions go into the subconscious, *and there remain, intact and vigorous, until life departs.* They may never return to recognition. But there they stay, working upon the character, the ideals, the thoughts, the nervous system, the mentality of the individual, for good or for bad.

Inheritance—yes, to a certain extent. But imitation, especially during the years up to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

eight or nine. I believe to be the greatest agent of these important impressions. A shock or a fear goes into the subconscious, let us say, and there festers in much the manner that an ulcer or a hidden abscess develops, sending its poison throughout the body and the mind of the victim, influencing the entire life.

That is only a makeshift analogy, but it will do. When nervous or mental disorders result from these psychological abscesses, and approach a climax, what is to be done? First, the correct diagnosis must be made—the exact sources of the trouble must be located—then the lancet of reason must be applied, and the mental pus drained out.

But, you say, how get at this storehouse? Well, sometimes by concentration of the intellect one can dig down and find the trouble. But the simplest way, in psychoanalytical practice, is to examine one's dreams.

For the theory is that during sleep the doors of the storehouse open to a certain extent, and, if you will think with me for a moment in a new figure of speech, dramas are presented upon the stage of your mind. Imagine, now, these myriad impressions within your subconscious as a troupe of actors. During sleep they steal out from the depths and put on a play. Their essential characteristics remain, but they have on quantities of makeup. They act out *symbolic* dramas—interpretations of themselves.

NOW, if these playlets can be remembered upon waking, and submitted to criticism, the true meaning of them, their sources and their effects, can be determined, and if they are harmful, the writer-actors can be dismissed, to work no more havoc.

All these actors belong to one of two organizations—"Sex Productions, Incorporated," or the "Ego Players." As to which is more important, there is loud controversy among the investigators. I believe they are equally to be reckoned with.

Thus much explanatory theory. In the light of it let us examine my experiences.

It seems to me, looking back, that most of my life was marked by frustration. My companions were almost all members of a class which possessed unnecessarily large amounts of money; I scraped along, envying them and imitating them at the expense of all my resources and often of my pride.

And there seemed no likelihood of my attaining for myself the luxuries which I saw about me; for my confidence in myself was not sufficient to fight for jobs of an importance or a salary which I considered I really deserved.

I was continually unhappy in my work, continually changing; always feeling that I was an unrecognized genius of some sort, yet unable to determine how to acquire recognition.

Even when I broke away from Chicago and, entering definitely the writing field, achieved a success not great but sufficient to insure me a living, I found that this success itself was founded upon frustration. For, calmly examining today my literary output, I can see that the poems for which I am best known and the stories which brought me the quickest sales and the best prices were all of them studies in dissatisfaction, unhappiness, and disillusionment.

OBVIOUSLY these were best because they were most sincere. They were all based upon actual experience, for during that period of my first flooding output I went through a belated puppy-love affair. Two years and more of anguish, of longings, of hysteria, yes, even of tears over a beautiful girl who cared for me in every way but one. I did not, she insisted, appeal to her physically. At last I tore myself away from that infatuation and we went our separate ways. Wherever she may be now, she has my blessing and my affection.

The break from this unfortunate affair was followed by a brief space of blankness. And then that happened which even now seems incredible. I fell in love again, and this time there was added to the idealism a reality. Perhaps my estimate of Peggy Wood may sound prejudiced, but I have heard agreements with it on many occasions.

The former girl had been a lovely child—not turned twenty when I first met her. Here was a woman in her mid-twenties with a mind many faceted and mature, embodied in a startling beauty.

I will not affect modesty. We discovered, after more than a year of constant companionship, that there was no way in which we did not find each other mutually pleasing. Each respected the other as an artist. We both were intensely interested in music, in the theater, in writing; furthermore, our reactions to any given stimulus—an idea, or an experience, or a personality—we learned were identical.

We were both exalted by the same manifestations of beauty; and, on the other hand, we both howled at the same comedy. Most important of all, I was attracted to her and she to me (I do not venture an explanation of this latter phenomenon) to the exclusion of all other persons. Therefore we decided to be married.

But now the pattern of frustration wove itself once more.

My family, upon being informed of the project, objected that we ought to wait for a while—say a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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Personalities of Paramount

Thomas Meighan

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Tom Meighan's widest fame dates from "The Miracle Man," and there are plenty of folks who have never missed a Meighan picture since, and won't in future. Judging by box office records his army of admirers is ever-increasing.

There are some men who seem made to play Big Brother to people. They have strength and heart, enough and to spare. Perhaps it is this feeling coming out in Tom Meighan's pictures which has made them so successful.

Titles easily remembered are "The Miracle Man," "City of Silent Men," "Cappy Ricks," "The Bachelor Daddy," "Our Leading Citizen," "Back Home and Broke," "Manslaughter," "Homeward Bound," "Tongues of Flame," "Coming Through," and, at present in production, "*Old Home Week*," by George Ade.

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ANNUAL

Roll

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It shows an increase of 80 owners and 2,927 trucks over last year's record Normal business changes, mergers and reorganizations have caused a fe fleets to decrease and others to lose their original ownership identity.

In addition to the owners on the Roll Call, tens of thousands of owne operate White fleets of less than 10 or single Whites. There are more Whi Trucks in service than trucks of any other high-grade make.

	Whites Owned
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	56
Abraham & Straus	65
Acme Cash Stores	18
J. N. Adam & Company	38
Advance Transfer Company	14
City of Akron, Ohio	25
Akron Pure Milk Company	13
Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	14
All Russia Zensky & Cities Union	10
Al's Bake Shop	26
B. Altman & Company	85
American Agricultural Chem. Co.	26
American Bakery Company	15
American Can Company	82
American Chain Company	12
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	11
American Gas and Electric Co.	23
American Ice Company	22
American News Company	28
American Petroleum Company	29
American Power and Light Co.	35
American Public Service Co.	11
American Railway Express	457
American Red Cross Society	31
American Reduction Company	11
American Steel and Wire Co	32
American Stores Company	121
American Woolen Company	23
A. L. Ammen Transportation Co.	48
Anchor Cartage Company	13
Anderson Brothers	14
Anglo-Mexican Petrol'm Co., Ltd.	10
Anheuser-Busch, Inc	16
State of Arizona	58
Arlington Mills	17
*Armour & Company	405
J. H. Ashdown Hdwe. Co., Ltd.	10
Associated Bell Telephone Cos.	1183
*Associated Dry Goods Corp	128
City of Atlanta	42
Atlanta Baggage and Cab Co	22
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	10
Atlanta Coca-Cola Bottling Co	20
Atlantic Ice and Coal Corp	56
Atlantic Refining Company	546
Atlas Powder Company	19
Austin Nichols & Company	44
Bacon Coal Company	10
The Bailey Company	34
City of Baltimore	51
L. Bamberger & Company	44
Bang Supply Company	16
Banner Grocer's Baking Co	12
N. Bantivoglio & Sons	10
Barker Brothers, Inc	18
*Barnsdall Corporation	24
The Barrett Company	24
W. J. Barry	10
Beaver Valley Service Company	16
Beechnut Packing Company	13
Bekins Van and Storage Co	19
Belgrano Autobus S. A.	10
Benguet Auto Line	10
Bernheimer-Leader Stores, Inc.	16
Bessemer Taxi Company	14
Best & Company	27
B. & F. Trucking	10
William Bingham Company	24
Bingham Stage Line	11
Birmingham Chero-Cola Bot. Co.	33
City of Birmingham	26
Block & Kuhl Company	16
Bloomingdale Brothers	41
Blue Ridge Transportation Co.	26
Boggs & Buhl, Inc	30
The H. C. Bohack Company	16
The Borden Company	35
City of Boston	33
Boston Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	14
Boston Elevated Railway Co	85
Boulevard Transportation Co	20
Bourne-Fuller Company	14
George H. Bowman Company	10
*Bowman Dairy Company	22
Bradford Baking Company	47
Brandies Stores	10
The Brandt Company	41
J. W. Brannon Sand and Gr'l Co.	10
Braun Lumber Company	10
John Breuner Company	12
Bridgeman & Russell Company	17
Broadway Department Store	31
Brockton Transportation Co	11
Bronx Provision Corp. of N. Y.	10
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	21
Brooks Oil Company	12
Bry-Block Mercantile Company	14
Buckeye Pipe Line Company	29
Bullock's	23
P. H. Butler Company	48
Cable Draper Baking Company	10
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	13
State of California	87
California Baking Company	21
California Packing Corporation	20
California Petroleum Company	18
California Transit Company	48
California Truck Company	21
L. H. Callan	10
J. Calvert's Sons	11
William Cameron Co., Inc	11
R. O. Campbell Coal Company	12
The Campbell System	33
Canfield Oil Company	24
Canton Provision Company	17
Canton Storage and Transfer Co.	15
Capitol Garage Company	10
Carbon Coal Company	13
R. E. Carey Company	12
Carolina Power and Light Co.	11
Carolina Public Service Co	13
J. B. Carr Biscuit Company	12
Carstens Packing Company	10
Carter Oil Company	22
Casper Motor Bus Line	11
Central Maine Power Company	11
Central Torpedo Company	12
Chandler & Rudd Company	11
*Chapin-Sacks Corporation	62
Chase Bag Company	35
Cheek-Neal Coffee Company	19
*Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	108
The Chero-Cola Company	67
Chicago Am. and Herald-Exam.	43
Chicago Fire Brick Company	20
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	13
Chicago, No. Shore & Mil. R.R. Co.	28
Chicago Towel Company	19
Chile Exploration Company	10
H. B. Church Truck Service Co.	10
Cia. Abastecedora de Leche	10
Cia. Nacional Construction	10
Cia. Tranvais de Mexico	10
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co.	16
*Cities Service Company	113
City Baking Company	20
City of Chicago	135
City Ice Company (Kansas City)	19
City Ice and Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	19
City Ice and Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	19
Clark Trucking Company	12
Clearing House Parcel Deliv. Co.	13
City of Cleveland	213
Cleveland-Ashtab.-Conn't Bus Co.	18
Cleveland Builders Sup. and B. Co.	90
The Cleveland Cartage Co	22
Cleveland Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	32
Cleveland Electric Illum'g Co.	62
Cleveland-Lorain-Sand. Bus Co.	11
The Cleveland Press	20
Cleveland Provision Company	35
Cleveland Railway Company	33
Cleveland Transfer and Cart'g Co.	33
Cleveland Trinidad Paving Co.	14
Cleveland & Sandusky Brew. Co.	30
Cloverlands Dairy Products Co.	10
*Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	353
The Coca-Cola Company	111
The Coca-Cola Co., Ltd. (Canada)	73
W. I. Coldiron	13
J. C. Coleman & Son	15
Collins Hauling Company	20
Colonial Ice Cream Company	28
State of Colorado	15
Columbia Ice and Ice Cream Co.	11
Columbia Stages	52
Comar Oil Company	23
R. H. Comey Company	11
Commercial Oil Company	10
Commercial Transfer Co	13
Commonwealth Fuel Co., Inc.	55
Commonwealth Power and L. Co.	12
The Connecticut Company	23
State of Connecticut	67
Connecticut Motor Transp'n Co.	15
Consolidated Companies	38
Consolidated Ice Company	11
Consolidated Rendering Company	34
Consort Coal Company	11
Consumers Baking Company	20
Consumers Dairy Company	24
Consumers Pie Company	17
*Continental Baking Company	21
Continental Oil Company	123
Coral Gables Utilities Company	34
Cottage Creamery Company	14
Walter J. Cox Company	10
Crane Company	19
Crescent Forward'g & Trans. Co.	12
Cuban Government	19
Cudahy Packing Company	57
John T. Cunningham	35
Cushman Sons, Inc	10
County of Cuyahoga	17
Dahl-Campbell Grocery Co	15
Dannemiller Grocery Company	12
Darling & Company	26
Thomas D'Attillo	20
Davison Cartage Company	14
The Dayton Company	13
De Haven Ice Cream Company	10
Denver Cab Company	40
City and County of Denver	11
Louis Des Cognets	13
Dill & Collins Company	11
Dixie Construction Company	19
Drake Brothers	30
Driscoll Trucking Company	11
East Fayette Street Bus Line	13
East Ohio Gas Company	22
East Side Mill and Lumber Co.	15
Eastern Torpedo Company	26
Eastman Kodak Company	13
Thomas W. Easton's Sons	20
T. Eaton Company, Ltd	26
Eckenroth Sales Company	14
Abraham Eisenberg Co., Inc	11
*Electric Bond and Share Co	45
Electric Package Agency	14
Emerick Motor Bus Company	16
Empire Baking Company	22
Empire Gas and Fuel Company	13
Ernst Fuel and Supply Co	11
A. J. Evans	21
The Fair	12
Fair Haven Coal Company	11
Fairmont Creamery Company	55
Fayette Baking Company	20
Fenway Garage Company	15
Wm. Filene's Sons Company	17
Firestone Tire and Rubber Co	12
Fischer Baking Company	16
Fischer Lime and Cement Co	10
Fleischmann Company	21
Florida Coca-Cola Bottling Co	12
Florida Motor Transport Co	57
State of Florida	38
Fly & Hobson Company	13
C. H. Foley	15
Foster & Kleiser, Inc	15
Frank & Seder	35
Franklin Ice Cream Company	33
Harry V. Franks	23
Frederick & Nelson, Inc	25
William Freihofer Baking Co	24
Fujiya Hotel Garage	11
Fuller Cleaning Company	12
W. P. Fuller & Company	24
Fullington Auto Bus Company	13
County of Fulton, Ga	11
Frank Gaffney	15
Galena Signal Oil Company	17
A. W. Gamage, Ltd	14
Garfield-Passaic Transit Co	15
Gate City Dairy and Ice Cr'm Co.	10
General Baking Company	229
*General Electric Company	22
General Fire Extinguisher Co	11
General Gas and Electric Corp.	28
General Petroleum Corporation	94
Georgia Railway and Power Co.	62
State of Georgia	75
Gerkins Oil Company	13
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee)	15
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (New York)	94
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Phila.)	79
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	52
Globe Grain and Milling Co	23
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	24
City of Gloucester	16
Adolf Gobel, Inc	41
Goeringer Construction Co	12
Goff-Kirby Company	18
Goldenrod Ice Cream Company	19
Golden Sheaf-Remar Baking Co.	20
Golden State Auto Tours Corp	12
Golden State Milk Products	14
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	12
B. F. Goodrich Company	12
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co	22
Grasselli Chemical Company	21
Gray Construction Company	25
Grays Harbor Ry., Lt. and Pr. Co.	12
The Great Atlantic & Pacific T. Co.	14
Great Northern Paper Company	27
Great Southern Refining Co	11
Greenfield Elec. Light and Pr. Co.	19
Greensboro Gas Company	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Co	42
Gridley Dairy Company	16
S. J. Groves & Sons Company	13
Gulf Production Company	45
*Gulf Refining Company	1738
Gypsy Oil Company	30
*Hadley Furniture and Carpet Co.	16
Hale Brothers	10
Halle Brothers Company	21
Hammond Lumber Company	12
W. T. Hardison & Company	11
Hardware and Supply Co	10
Joseph Hart	19
A. D. Hartsell	19
Fred Harvey	34
C. F. Hathaway & Son	10
Hauser Packing Company	17
Haverty Furniture Company	24
Hawaii County, T. H	19
Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd	21
Hecht Bros. & Co	32
H. J. Heinz Company	83
Heissler & Junge Company	20
Hercules Powder Company	17
Peter Herkner Trucking Co	12
Hershey Creamery Company	10
Hess Brothers	11
Heywood-Wakefield Company	11
Hidleah-Allattah Bus Line	11
The Higbee Company	21
Hildebrandt Provision Company	14
H. G. Hill Grocery Company	19
Hitchner Biscuit Company	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	26
H. B. Hole	17
Holland Bread Company	58
Hollywood Land & Water Co. of Fla.	24
Hong Kong Hotel Company, Ltd.	11
Honolulu Const. and Drayage Co.	14
H. P. Hood & Son	19
Hope Natural Gas Company	14
Joseph Horne Company	49
Houston Lighting and Power Co.	11
Huasteca Petroleum Company	27
J. L. Hudson Company	58
Hudson's Bay Company	22
Hughes-Curry Packing Co	11
H. B. Hughes Truck Company	12
Humble Oil and Refining Co	53
State of Idaho	20
State of Illinois	56
Imperial Ice Cream Company	25
Imperial Oil, Ltd	93
Independent Br. Co. of Pittsburgh	32
Independent Torpedo Company	18
Independent Towel Supply Co.	28
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd	12
Indian Refining Company	11
Indian Territory Illum. Oil Co.	12
State of Indiana	28
City of Indianapolis	11
International Petroleum Co	10
International Petrol'm Co., Ltd.	27
Interstate Public Service Co	12
Interstate Wholesale Grocers	27
Interurban Transportation Co	10
Iowa State Highway Commission	32
Iron City Sand Company	22
Iron Range Transportation Co	13
County of Jackson, Mo	14
Jahncke Service Company	18
Jefferson County (Alabama)	42
Jefferson Highway Transp'n Co.	22
Jessup & Antrim Ice Cream Co.	11
Jones Store Company	25
Julian Petroleum Corporation	22
Jump Housewrecking Company	14
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TRUCKS

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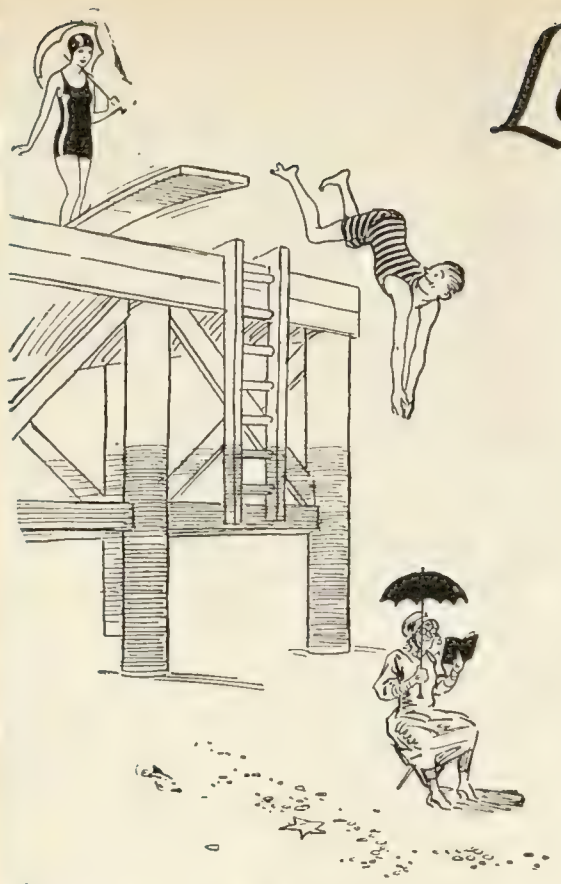

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For the many years of unparalleled demand for "B.V.D." have enabled The B.V.D. Company, Inc., to put otherwise unattainable values into its product.

To avoid those underwear "regrets" which rise so sharply with the thermometer—

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FOR the maximum of union suit comfort, be correctly measured for "B.V.D."

"B.V.D." Union Suits come in "regular", "stout", "long", "long-stout", "short-stout" and "youths'" sizes—over sixty in all.

Your proper union suit size can always be determined by three simple, encircling, tape-measurements: (1) chest, (2) waist, (3) trunk (under the crotch and over the shoulder).

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Men's $1.50 the suit
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THERE IS ONLY ONE "B.V.D."
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

year. My health, they said, was obviously none too good, which was true. Also, I was not sufficiently established as a money-making writer.

These objections, while they were to be considered, would not have had much effect. Much more important, however, was the opposition of Mr. Wood. And much more effective.

He was a writer of singular brilliance and humor; a newspaper man of wide experience; the best informed and the most entertaining conversationalist I have ever known. He had been highly successful in his work for many years. But toward the end of his middle age his health and his nerves had collapsed, so that for some time his literary output had been only spasmodic and he could not recapture his former fluency or skill. He had, therefore, a profound distrust of writing as a sufficiently lasting and remunerative career.

In response to this combined opposition we agreed to wait a year; nevertheless we announced our engagement.

And I went to a doctor, an excellent doctor. He was a lifelong friend of Mr. Wood's. I believe he was thoroughly sincere in his diagnosis of my condition as a result of his examination and my medical history and from X-ray photographs. I do not think, however, that he could help being swayed somewhat by his friendship with Mr. Wood—against his will, even.

At any rate he announced after considerable time that I was threatened with tuberculosis, and that a slight strain of insanity in my family was not to go unreckoned with.

MEANWHILE Mr. Wood died from pneumonia. But his opposition was as alive as ever, for, shortly before his death, he had called to him his old friend the physician and said, "Act in my place as a father to Peggy when I am gone." Thus was the transfer of authority made. So that since this doctor, in all sincerity, believed me to be a bad bet matrimonially, the impasse was still extant.

For months I went on getting thinner, becoming more and more nervous and miserable, until I found myself in a condition where, outside of my duties as literary editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*—duties with which I was so familiar that they were more or less automatic—I could not write. Creation simply stopped. I became continually frantic.

It was then that I went to Doctor X, a well-known psycho-analyst, and inquired about my mental health and inheritance. In the light of subsequent information I am convinced that he used me to experiment upon. To him I was merely a psychological guinea pig.

During the three sessions I had with him he talked gravely about certain psychic conditions which certain dreams would indicate, thereby suggesting them to my only too impressionable mind. I went home, dreamed those very dreams, and as a consequence was sure that I was in a frightful mental condition.

I don't know why I suddenly stopped consulting him—perhaps it was the size of his bill. But I do know that if I had kept up I should certainly have had a complete breakdown.

And all this time the continued strain and unhappiness were having a most deleterious effect upon Miss Wood. She found it more and more difficult to sing. Her voice would continually choke up. Upon the verge of a collapse, she was forced finally to close the show.

Climax.

And now here is where Doctor Z, that very wise, very sane, very calm man of whom I spoke earlier, comes into the story. We went to him, together, at the urging of a friend.

AFTER a brief talk with Doctor Z, in which he discovered whatever acquaintance I had with psycho-analysis, he told me to disregard altogether any information Doctor X had given me and assured me that I could make my own adjustment. Peggy he would have to take some time over.

Upon concentrating I saw my trouble very clearly. Imitation, as I have said, is a potent factor in character formation. Well, I had seen before me always the pattern of frustration in the life of my father, who, as gentle and conscientious a person as ever lived, had undertaken far too heavy business endeavors and had failed.

And failure I had ever dinned into my ears from my attractive but apprehensive mother, who, through bitter experience, looked automatically upon the dark side of life. Against the dictates of my conscious mind, I was "enjoying poor health," I was conforming to the subconscious pattern of frustration.

There I had the psychic abscess. And I had the cure. I "knew what I wanted"—which was to marry Peggy Wood, to pursue with her my career, oblivious to any "ifs," "buts," and "ands." I chased the bogies pell-mell. They have never even so much as hinted at a return. I don't believe they ever will.

Miss Wood's way out of her difficulties was by no means so easy. Strangely enough, too, for to the casual observer it was I who was the nervous wreck and she who was the bulwark of strength. As I have said, she was the product of her father's ambitions, a "Daddy's girl." And even Doctor Z, who had known both father and daughter for years, had been, as he said, always sold on the idea that her father was the dominant influence of her life.

During a number of consultations, very slowly and very carefully, he drew out long strings of early memories. Finally he laid down his pencil (for he writes all the data as they come), looked across the desk, and said:

"We have all been fooled. You were always sold on the idea of a father-complex. Your father was—I was—everybody was. And we have all been entirely wrong. Now we'll start all over again. Tell me more about your mother."

THEN began that most beautiful revaluation of what that extraordinary mother of hers had meant to her, that mother whose death two years before had brought no tears, only an unconquerable numbness. And Peggy the woman recognized that Peggy the child had *very* early understood that her mother was the real æsthete of the family, the driving force and at the same time the manager of the erratic writer-person who was more showy and flamboyant, but never as *right* as she. The child had always known that the mother was the *real* personality of the family, a loving, sacrificing person so fair minded that she even argued that her only child loved the male parent best. Through the mists of time and habit the true seeing of the child began to glow.

Little by little it came out through dreams, until all the pent-up tears and the argued-down love welled to the surface, and the great longing for the mother found expression at last. She was not Daddy's girl. She was Mamma's girl, and always had really been so.

Never shall I forget the metamorphosis in that girl when I met her following her return from the city in which she had been undergoing that analysis. All the clouds had been swept away. She was radiant with a new brilliance. She had found the true, the satisfying pattern for living. She had found her mother again.

Peggy went away almost directly afterward upon a trip around the West Indies. She went for a rest and to consider what her mother would have done confronted with the question of marriage to me.

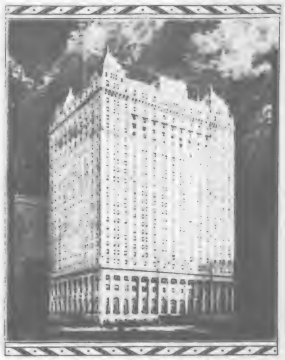
I met her in Bermuda. When she stepped off the boat I informed her, with a great show of decision, that we would be married immediately in the cathedral. She gasped—and said, "All right."

Because, as she has said since, "Well, didn't mother marry precisely the same sort of person?"

That was over a year ago. I'm afraid we are rather revoltingly happy. And it looks as if it were going to last.

THE END

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL — DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE



Book-Cadillac

Room Comforts

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Every bedroom has private bath, circulating ice water, individual bed lights and lighted mirrors. All have full outside exposure.

Beds are without foot-boards, adding greatly to their attractiveness and comfort.

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$14, $16, $18 per day

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SILVER CLOTH *for the* BRIDE'S FROCK

by Corinne Lowe

At the left a maid's frock veils its silver cloth slip with apple-green net. Next, a maid of honor utilizes the same silver foundation with a veiling of tangerine net. A shoulder-train of silver cloth with white net cannot divert one entirely from a bride's gown veiling silver cloth with white silk net and stressing garlands of orange blossoms. Last, comes a flower girl in a perwenche blue net frock.

THE popularity of unveiled silver cloth as a foundation for the bridal gown is decidedly marked this season. More and more we find the leading couturiers leaning toward bridal creations which drape silver cloth slips with clouds of tulle or chiffon or lace.

Nor is the wedding gown itself the sole beneficiary of this silver lining idea. A number of fashionable weddings of this season provide silver slips for the entire bridal party of maids.

The bride herself gives the cue by wearing a metallic slip veiled in white tulle and her various attendants accept this central idea with individual adjustments of color. One may wear blue; another orchid; a third green, and a fourth rose. The effect of all these tints unified by the glint of metal underneath is really beautiful.

Our illustrations convey not only the importance of the silver cloth foundation, but also the vogue of silk net. This latter material, while never overlooked by the designers, has leaped this spring into special prominence. And above in these models created by Germaine, the great Parisian artiste, you will see the net effect upon a silver basis.

The bride's frock shows the molded bodice with the full skirt which dominates spring fashions of all kinds. Of course there are many other types of bridal gowns. There is the familiar period creation, always charming, for the youthful bride; there are unbelted gowns with clever flounce and apron and godet interpretations, and there are infinite developments of the classic moyenage style.

We retain the train! It starts from the shoulders and is usually a de luxe affair which makes you forget the simplicity of the model itself. Thus in this case the square train is construed of alternate bands of silver cloth and of the frock's white silk net. The latter is elaborately embroidered in a floral design of crystals and pearls and a narrow edge of silver cloth is continued down both sides. The voluminous tulle veil is caught with the same orange blossoms used in garlands on the frock.

Neither a jabot nor a flounce is ever a bromide this season. Just glance at the two maids' frocks. In the central figure we have picked up the old handkerchief idea and made it look like that fetish of the spring, the jabot. All the way down the front and at each side we find a number of little handkerchief points making believe they're real jabots. And at the left, regard the slant of the ruffles and the rippling folds that fall under one arm only to meet those flounces!

ADORABLE FROCKS FOR JUNE DAYS

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

THE shops are showing so many adorable frocks, one just prettier than the other, that it is really difficult, with a limited income, to make a choice. The sports frock seems to predominate, whether it is a one-piece dress of flannel, a dress of printed silk, or a plain chiffon dress with long sleeves. Did you ever stop to consider how easily these dresses are made at home? Why not make them at home and have four or five dresses instead of buying just one ready-made dress?

One-piece striped flannel dress with collar, cuffs, slot pockets, and belt of plain flannel, has tiny buttons down the front as trimming. This is a practical sports dress and very easily made. Kasha, Canton crepe, linen, or cotton broadcloth would also be suitable materials. Pattern No. 2363 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting material.

Pervenche blue crepe de Chine develops a youthful frock shown in pattern No. 2357. Black moire ribbon tied in a bow at the side, with a white organdie collar and plaited ruffing, add to its attractiveness. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 3¼ yards 32-inch or 2⅞ yards 40-inch material, with ¼ yard 24-inch contrasting material and 1¾ yards plaiting, are required.

An adorable little girl's dress is designed in pattern No. 2378. Developed of natural colored pongee, it would be very practical. Printed silk, voile, organdie, or tissue gingham would also be suitable. The pattern is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. In the 4-year size 1½ yards 36-inch material are required.

Here is a charming afternoon dress which owes its chic to the Paris that finds two fabrics smarter than one, shown in pattern No. 2356; made of moss green kasha, with green printed silk design with tiny squares in orange and black for the front and sleeves. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 2⅜ yards 36-inch material, with 1½ yards 32-inch material for contrasting, are required.

A youthful design is shown in pattern No. 2351, of Chinese red crepe Roma, with collar and cuffs of lace. Taffeta or organdie would also be suitable materials. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. In the 16-year size 3¼ yards 32-inch or 2⅞ yards 40-inch material, with ¼ yard 24-inch allover lace, are required.

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Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Playing Tennis with Snowshoes

A small nephew, who lives where snowshoeing is more popular than tennis, visited us one summer and upon returning home was asked by his father what he saw of interest. John said:

"The funniest thing I saw was people playing ball with their snowshoes."—Mrs. E. D. R., East Lynn, Mass.

* * *

"Out of the Mouths of Babes"

Our grocer had a sign in the window. "Boy Wanted." A few days later small Bobbie came home from school and said:

"Gee, I bet Mr. Smith is mad."

When questioned as to the reason, he replied:

"Well, he has had a sign out 'Boy Wanted,' and today Arthur said he had a new baby sister."—R. M., Chicago.

* * *

Safety First

Vaida Lee, aged three, was accustomed to riding only in an automobile, so she counted it a great treat one day to ride with her young uncle on a Shetland pony. As they rode along she was very quiet for a while but soon she asked: "Is this as fast as this horse can go?"

Thinking she wanted to travel faster, and desiring to please her, the boy made the pony run around the block. In a frightened tone she warned:

"Say, you better not turn these corners so fast for this horse is sure to turn over."—Mrs. W. S. K., Childress, Tex.

* * *

"I'll Stay as I Is"

Hazel, aged three, was an only child. She was lonely and was always begging her father and mother to get her either a baby brother or sister. One night as usual she presented her plea.

"All right," said her mother, "we'll get you a brother or sister, but you will have to let him play with your dollies and toys and sleep in your little bed near daddy and mamma at night while you sleep in the big bed in the other room."

Hazel's eyes grew big. She was willing the little brother or sister should play with her dolls and toys, but sleep in her little bed near her daddy and mother? That would never do. She sat in deep thought for a while, then said:

"Muvver, I des I'll stay just as I is."—Mrs. M. M., Los Angeles, Calif.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 45

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-MŌ-LAY-

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Just Try MOLLÉ

Learn how simple and easy it is to use—how quickly and thoroly it softens the beard—how smoothly the razor removes the stubble without the slightest burn or smart of the skin, and how delightfully fine and comfortable the face feels without the usual after-treatment with lotions or talcum.

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Jake Kilrain, who fought seventy-five rounds with the mighty John L. in 1889.

From the Albert Davis Collection

The Battle *with* Jake Kilrain

John L. in a formal mood. This picture was taken in 1888, when the mighty battler was showing the first consequences of fast living, but still was the greatest of them all.

In spite of their fierce battling in the ring, John L. and Jake Kilrain always remained friends, as this photograph demonstrates.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

IN the preceding installments the story of Sullivan's early life in his birthplace—Roxbury, Massachusetts — was told, together with the narrative of his rise from a fighter of local reputation to the height of his career as heavyweight champion of the world. The recital also included the story of Sullivan's strange midnight marriage, which proved to be an unhappy one; his voyage to England, where he met the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII.; his great reception upon his return; his being matched to meet Jake Kilrain "somewhere near New Orleans" for a bare-knuckle fight under the London Prize Ring rules—the last great battle fought in America under that brutal code.

CHARLIE JOHNSON, a New York sporting man, was Sullivan's backer for the Kilrain bout, and put up ten thousand dollars against a similar sum posted by Kilrain and Richard K. Fox, still eager to find somebody who could whip the champion. Johnson hired Billy Muldoon, then a noted wrestler and in recent years chairman of the New York Boxing Commission, to supervise Sullivan's training for the next twelve weeks.

NINTH INSTALLMENT

By Joe Dorney,

Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and

Sid Sutherland

About July 1 Sullivan and his party went to New Orleans. Again the reformers got busy, and Governors Nichols of Louisiana and Lowry of Mississippi issued ukases forbidding the fight within their commonwealths.

On the morning of July 8, 1889, five long trains, filled with the cream of the nation's sporting circles, pulled out of New Orleans on the Queen and Crescent route, destination unknown to anybody save the active promoters. The trains stopped at Richburg, in Marion County, Mississippi, and there was a wild scramble up the hill to the arena, a temporary affair which Charles Rich, who owned about half the county, had had his negroes erect. When the sheriff reached the scene he looked at the great throng and shook his head.

"Too many here for me to interfere," he said. "Where's my seat?"

All the classic formalities of the old days of prize fighting were observed. When Kilrain reached the ring he removed his hat and tossed it over the ropes, thus bestowing authenticity on that latter day political phrase, "tossing one's hat into the ring." Then he climbed between the ropes.

More thunderous cheers welcomed the approach of John L. a few moments later. He was tanned from the weeks of training, Muldoon having prepared him in the open for just such glaring sunshine as beat down on the crowd at Richburg, Mississippi. Only a slightly heavier paunch bore witness to the years of alcoholic dissipation.

The referee was John Fitzpatrick, afterward mayor of New Orleans, and he wasted little time. First, obedient to the old ritual, he drew a line with his cane on the turf in the middle of the ring, from neutral corners.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Some of the Liberty Boys of the Zenith News Co. E. M. Stone, Prop. Duluth, Minn.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Then he summoned the fighters "to the scratch." Sullivan and Kilrain bowed to each other, retired to their corners, and at the call of "Time!" advanced.

The battle was among the most famous in the prize-ring annals of this country. The moments of thrilling interest are these:

The first round lasted fifteen seconds, ending when Kilrain wrestled Sullivan to the ground.

Round seven appeared to be the end of the Roxbury Strong Boy, Kilrain smashing him all 'round the ring and drawing first blood with a left hook to the right ear, which bled profusely throughout the contest.

A quaint description of the next round is worth repeating:

"The champion bore his most fearsome ogre grin as he rushed for the eighth round, bent on wiping out the ignominy of Kilrain's notable rally. Streaked with blood from the last blow, his bristling black hair on end, and his lips drawn back savagely, he presented a terrifying spectacle, an effect of which he was fully aware.

"He went at Kilrain like a sledge-hammer upon the other's guard, broke it, and drove his quarry a merry dance. Jake was hard put to it to avoid the raging danger and tripped a heartbreaking measure as Sullivan came on.

"'Stand up and fight like a man! I'm the champion fighter, not the champion foot racer,' the Boston man cried as Jake sprinted to safety. Sullivan launched the pursuit, cornered his adversary and beat him to grass with a volley of well-timed blows."

ON and on it went, into the twenties, the thirties, the fifties, and sixties, some rounds lasting five minutes, others five seconds, Kilrain's partisans pinning their hopes on the stories of John L.'s debaucheries and Jake's strategy, which was to tire out the champion until he'd fall an easy prey to the knockout.

But Sullivan's hour had not yet struck. After the struggle had waged furiously for more than two hours it was Kilrain who faltered under the gaff and Sullivan who forged to the front. In the seventy-fifth round—two hours sixteen minutes and twenty-three seconds after the first call of time—Sullivan smashed his opponent under the chin, an uppercut which dropped Kilrain conscious but semi-paralyzed on the sward.

Mike Donovan, one of Kilrain's seconds, waited a few moments and then tossed the sponge into the air. Before it hit the ground the throng had torn down the ropes in a wild drive to lift Sullivan to their shoulders.

The sheriff of Marion County brought them to their senses.

"On your way," he yelled. "Back to Louisiana before I have to start arresting you."

Governor Lowry of Mississippi hit the ceiling when he heard the nation laughing about the second great bare-knuckle fight pulled off in that commonwealth, and he determined to get Sullivan. He never molested Kilrain.

Two days later Sullivan and Johnson were arrested in their stateroom as the train neared Nashville, Tennessee. Habeas corpus writs freed the pair next day and they went on to Chicago.

The following week Sullivan was arrested in New York and taken back to Mississippi. He was thrown into jail at Purvis, county seat of Marion County, tried a few days later, and sentenced to a year in prison. While his appeal was pending Charlie Rich, millionaire sportsman, who helped stage the Richburg fight, took the champion as a "contract prisoner."

SULLIVAN stayed down there as Rich's guest for nine months, his custodian taking him on hunting and fishing trips, with an occasional hilarious jaunt to New Orleans. Finally John was told that if he would plead guilty he would be fined a thousand dollars and the affair would be forgotten. This was done.

On August 30, while he was still in Richburg, John's mother, Catherine Kelly Sullivan, of the flashing black eyes, died in Roxbury. She was fifty-six years of age.

At this point it might be well to say something about Peter Jackson. That phenomenally clever West Indian heavyweight, who had moved to Australia in boyhood, had just defeated Ed Smith in Chicago. Under Parson Davies' able management Jackson was trying to meet Sullivan. Sullivan never met him, and to the end of his days John L. was criticized for failing to accept the negro's challenges.

Jimmy Wakely, Sullivan's manager and backer in many of his greatest fights, took all the blame for drawing that first "color line." Wakely, who died July 3, 1924, at the age of seventy-five, gave this version of the affair:

"John wanted to fight Peter after the colored boxer returned from his European triumphs. I put my foot down flat, and John and I had some stormy scenes.

"One day Sullivan was missing. A day or so later I got a wire from him in Chicago, ordering me to come out and make terms with Davies for a fight with Jackson. I found the champion roaring mad in his suite at the Auditorium Hotel. We had a bitter quarrel. I refused to consent to the match, and he finally yielded, but not until later that night, when we went to a theater where Jackson was playing. John and I were in a box, and when Parson Davies came on the stage and made his nightly

challenge to Sullivan, John surprised everybody by standing up in his box.

"'Davies,' he roared, 'you say I'm afraid of your man. You know you lie, and Jackson knows it, and everybody in America knows it. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You offer to put up ten thousand dollars for a match. Well, I have ten thousand dollars here in my pocket. We'll hand the money to anybody you say, and Jackson and I will go down under the stage. If I don't carry him up in my arms in five minutes, you can have the money and the title.'

"Far be it from Davies to be ruffled for a split second. That's why he was the remarkable fight manager and all round sport he was.

"'It's a bet!' he cried. 'Except for one thing: have your fight here on the stage a month from tonight instead of down under it.'

"I had a hard time getting Sullivan out of the box. But he finally came with me, and we went back to New York. And that's the true story of why Sullivan never fought Jackson."

On September 5, 1889, speaking as world's champion, before a crowd at the Academy of Music in New York, Sullivan announced himself as a candidate for Congressman in Massachusetts. Arrayed in flesh colored trunks, with his red, white, and blue silk belt around his waist, and wearing black shoes, he faced the crowded audience and delivered his speech, which was a recitation of a letter signed by him that had appeared that day in the New York *Sun*. The facts that the speech was written by Arthur Brisbane, then editor of the New York *Sun*, and that John L. committed it to memory, were not revealed. After the champion had delivered it Brisbane never would have dared claim it.

IT was through the courtesy of Mr. Brisbane that we found this speech of John L. Sullivan's on the fighter's Congressional candidacy. Mr. Brisbane said:

"I wrote the letter for him with his consent and printed it before he saw it. Two days later, when he had learned it by heart and was reciting it to his friends, it might have been dangerous to suggest that anybody but himself had written it."

His introduction had "punch."

"ME a Mugwump?" Sullivan asked, pounding his chest until it sounded like a bass drum. "Never! I am a Democrat!"

When the applause had subsided Sullivan said:

"A good deal has been said about my becoming a candidate for Congress. Thinking the matter over, I have decided that, when the time comes to elect a new Congressman from Boston, I will be a candidate on the Democratic ticket if the nomination is offered to me.

"There are several reasons that have influenced me to adopt this course. In the first place, I have always supported the party and have always voted for it. I am solid as far as my political record is concerned and feel that I deserve the support of the party on that score.

"Then I have personal friends and general admirers enough in Boston to elect me anyway. Any man who doubts my popularity with the American people needs only to travel around with me to get rid of that notion.

"Some may criticize my occupation in life. They don't know what they are talking about. My business is, and always has been, ever since I came before the public, to encourage physical culture.

"Young fellows don't care for what they read about a lot of small fighters and second rate champions, but the sight of one man of a national reputation and everybody looking up to him fires them with ambition and encourages them in the task of getting up their muscle. Many a young man is bigger and stronger because my example has set him to work.

"THEN, besides, with my matches and exhibitions, I have entertained hundreds of thousands all over the country. Also, I have furnished, through the newspapers, interesting reading to millions. People have got to feel grateful to those that entertain them.

"As for my methods of carrying on business and my dealings with other men, who can criticize them? If I make a promise I keep it.

"I have always looked after my friends and no one can accuse me of not acting fairly by him. A Sunday school teacher can't say more than that.

"But what I feel to be more important than all else is the work which I have done to keep up the reputation of America among other nations.

"The best men from everywhere have tried to beat me, but failed, and since I first began I have kept the pugilistic championship of the world in this country.

"There isn't a self-respecting American, no matter what foolish ideas he may have about boxing in general, who does not feel patriotic at the thought that a native born American, a countryman of his, can lick any man on the face of the earth.

"It is human nature, and this feeling of patriotism applies especially to Boston, where I was born and where I shall appear as a candidate.

"As to my fitness for the place, I can prove that in a few words. A man is elected to Congress to look out for the interests of those

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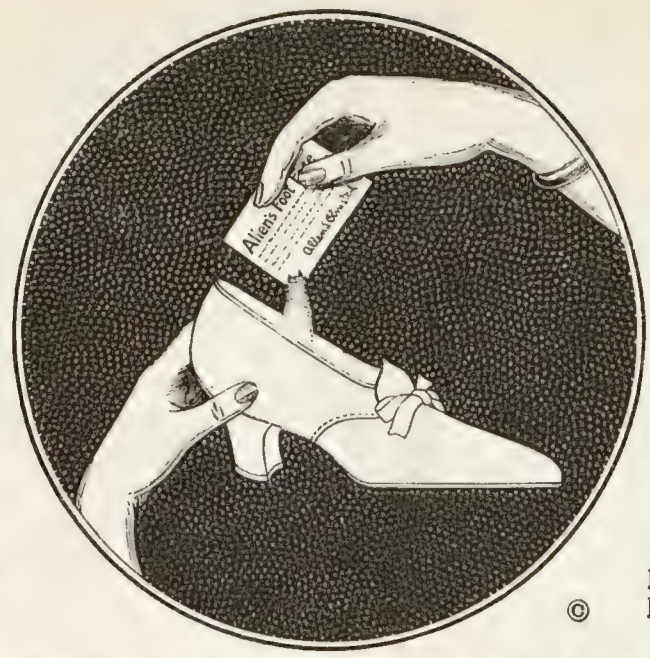

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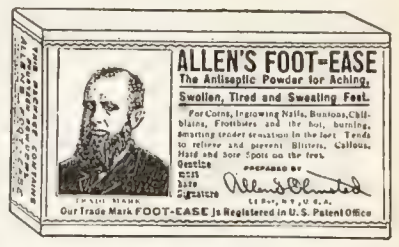

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

who send him there. That will be my motto, and living up to it will be my business.

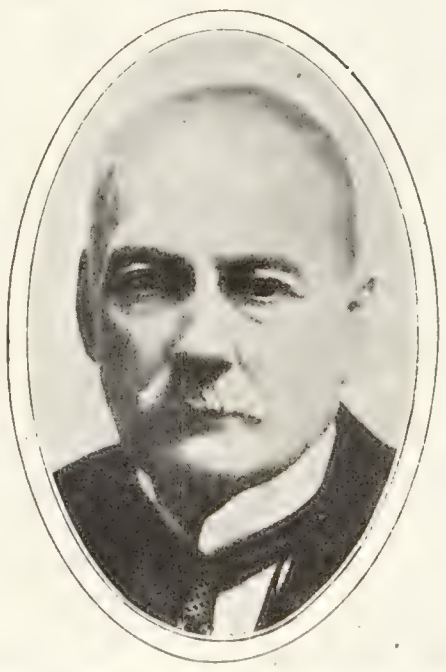
"I know what is wanted by my friends and the citizens of Boston generally, and I'll try to get it.

"In my travels about this country and Europe I have had as much experience in public speaking as most people. I'll have no trouble in getting my hearing in Congress or in making people pay attention to what I say.

"A man who can quiet a crowd in Madison Square Garden, as I have done, can make his presence felt in Congress or anywhere else on earth. I therefore announce now my willingness to enter political life."

Boston almost took Sullivan's announcement seriously. There was a real movement to nominate him, but Sullivan never gave the voters a chance to send him to Washington, as he was not nominated.

Late in the summer of 1890 Duncan B. Harrison signed Sullivan to play in Honest Hearts and Willing Hands, the melodrama which John L. made famous. He and Harrison owned the show. After six weeks of rehearsals Sullivan became about as good as the ordinary actor, and he thrilled the country from coast to coast by his famous knockout of the villain in the final act!



William Muldoon, one of the greatest trainers of all time, who got Sullivan into shape for the Kilrain fight in 1889.

It was while Sullivan was on tour that back in Roxbury, unable and unwilling longer to survive the loss of his beloved Katie, little old Michael Sullivan, whose fierce gray eye had dimmed during his widowerhood, folded his hod-calloused hands and went to sleep, on September 7, 1890, two years to the day before his boy "Jawn" was to meet defeat at Jim Corbett's hands. He was sixty years old.

HONEST HEARTS reached San Francisco on the eve of a benefit for Corbett, who had just staged his great sixty-one round draw with Peter Jackson. Arrangements were made for a friendly three round sparring exhibition as a climax to the testimonial. Corbett was in excellent condition, and, as usual, Sullivan was in a bad way, as a result of late hours and his endless drinking bouts.

The last act of Sullivan's play found him in evening clothes, and it was thus that he put on the gloves with Corbett, similarly attired. One can never know what incalculable benefit accrued to Corbett from this meeting, but he was so brilliant a boxer and so masterly a tactician that he must have learned enough to fill his heart with the wild hope that he might some day contrive to meet Sullivan in a real championship battle.

On June 26, 1891, Sullivan's theatrical company sailed for Australia on the Mariposa. In Honolulu, Sullivan and Ashton gave a boxing exhibition. While the show was in Australia, Joe Goddard challenged Sullivan. John was too lazy to train, so he told Ashton to fight him, and Goddard won!

When Sullivan returned to America, later that fall, he realized that he would have to fight Corbett. The whole country was talking about the extraordinary element that had come into prize fighting in the unprecedented skill Corbett had revealed. The newspapers were full of the crisis in the heavyweight division, still loyal to Sullivan but fair in demanding that he give the great Californian a chance.

Sullivan studied the situation. His draw battle with Charlie Mitchell still irritated him, and he wanted to clear up that little matter. He was furious over the challenges hurled daily at him by Frank P. Slavin, the Sydney Cornstalk, as the lanky Australian was called. And he was annoyed by the constant demands for a fight made by Corbett. On March 5, 1892, while playing in St. Paul, Sullivan issued a challenge, printed in nearly every newspaper in this country, Australia, Europe, and South Africa, to those three men in particular and to the world in general.

Sullivan's terms were as follows: Marquis of Queensberry rules; a purse of $25,000, and a side bet of $10,000, winner take all; the bout to take place the first week in September before the Olympic Club in New Orleans; and $2,500 of the side bet to be put up within thirty days, $2,500 by May 1, and the balance by June 15.

The tenth installment, to appear next week, contains the narrative of the most tragic event in Sullivan's life—his first and only defeat, when he was dethroned from the championship by a younger man who combined science with strength: James J. Corbett. The next installment will also tell of Sullivan's vow never to enter the ring again and of how he began a series of escapades which eventually left him a mere wreck of the great fighter he once had been.

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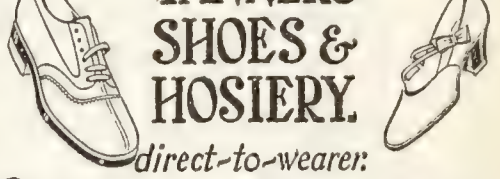

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LIBERTY'S GREATEST CONTEST

$50,000 *for* AN IDEA

Suitable for a Story for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

HERE'S a short story by O. Henry. It's one of the shortest stories he ever wrote. It contains no "fine writing." It presents an idea in a simple, straightforward way. It illustrates why a person does not need to write a long story, nor a complicated story, to have an excellent chance of winning Liberty's newest and greatest contest. Read the rules which are printed on the next page. Then sit down tonight and write your idea for a story, simply, in your own words. You may write in longhand and on letter paper, if you wish. The rules were written especially to give everybody a chance. The idea is what counts, not the manner in which it is presented. Previous writing experience is unnecessary.*

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

By O. HENRY

ONE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY SEVEN CENTS. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the butcher. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby

Nothing to do but flop down on the couch and howl.

little couch and howl. So Della did it. Presently she finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far.

Della whirled from the window, stood before the glass, and let her hair fall to its full length. Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. It fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped, the sign read: "MME. SOFRONIE—*Hair Goods of All Kinds.*" One flight up Della ran, panting. Madame, large, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

And for the next two hours she was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame.

She found it at last. It was a platinum watch chain, simple and chaste in design, worthy even of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl."

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

"Jim, darling," Della cried, "don't look at me that way."

The door opened and Jim stepped in. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, his eyes fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her.

"Jim, darling," Della cried, "don't look at me that way. I sold my hair because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, dazedly.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

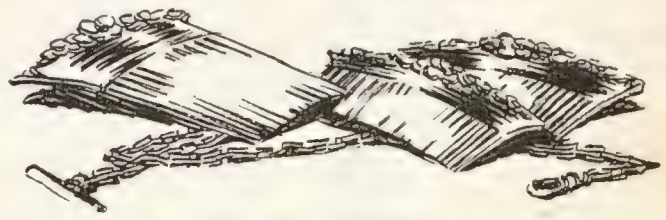
"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White, nimble fingers tore at the paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Next Week

TOM J. GERAGHTY, famous author of screen stories, and one of the scenario editors for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, will tell you how renowned film celebrities work out their ideas. Remember, the time is getting short. Watch for next week's Liberty containing Mr. Geraghty's interesting and instructive article. But send in your story as soon as it is finished. This epochal competition will close at midnight, June 1. Only two weeks more are left you in which to enter! Act at once.

Don't lose your slenderness

Have you noticed how some women keep their slender, youthful figures? Do you envy them because they're as graceful now as before they were married?

There is no reason why you can't have a graceful figure. Just use Marmola Tablets—the pleasant way to reduce. No exercises or diets. Eat what you want and get slender. Thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way.

All drug stores have Marmola Tablets—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1969 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Prescription Tablets
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How Does It Feel To Fly 35,000 Ft. Above the Earth

at 65° below zero—
with air pressure
2.5 lbs. per sq. inch?

Read

Touching The Earth's Ceiling

By Lt. John A. Macready
Chief of Flying Section, McCook Field

In Next Week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At All Newsstands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

Here Are the Rules in Liberty's Remarkable Contest:

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and the complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three — one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person, regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

$500 A WEEK for LIMERICKS!

Liberty's Most Amusing Contest: Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

Static's getting pretty bad, folks. Radio's not what it was two months ago! Take a peek at the coupon on the right. Can't somebody help poor ol' Dad? We'll bet they can! Let's go!

For the Five Best Lines

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

First	*Second*	*Third*	*Fourth*	*Fifth*
$250	$100	$75	$50	$25

THE RULES:

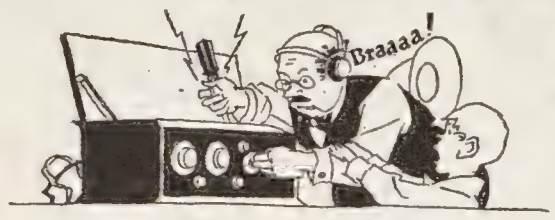
Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. For the best last line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All last lines for this week's contest must reach us not later than *midnight*, May 23.

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



The radio went on the blink,
The music all stopped in a wink.
But Dad said he'd bet
That he'd make it work yet

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE .....

(Issue of May 16)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of April 11. The Limerick read as follows:

The traffic cop stood in the street
With his gloves and his uniform neat,
When up drove a girl
In the mad traffic whirl

.....

LAST LINES WHICH THE PRIZE WINNERS WROTE WERE:

First Prize, $250—*And sent him, Pat, rolling (patrolling) that beat.*
Written by ISABELLE M. STORY, 343 South Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

Second Prize, $100—*And parked her car right on his feet.*
Written by ADDIE E. CHESLEY, Apt. 104, 1662 Harrison Street, Oakland, Calif.

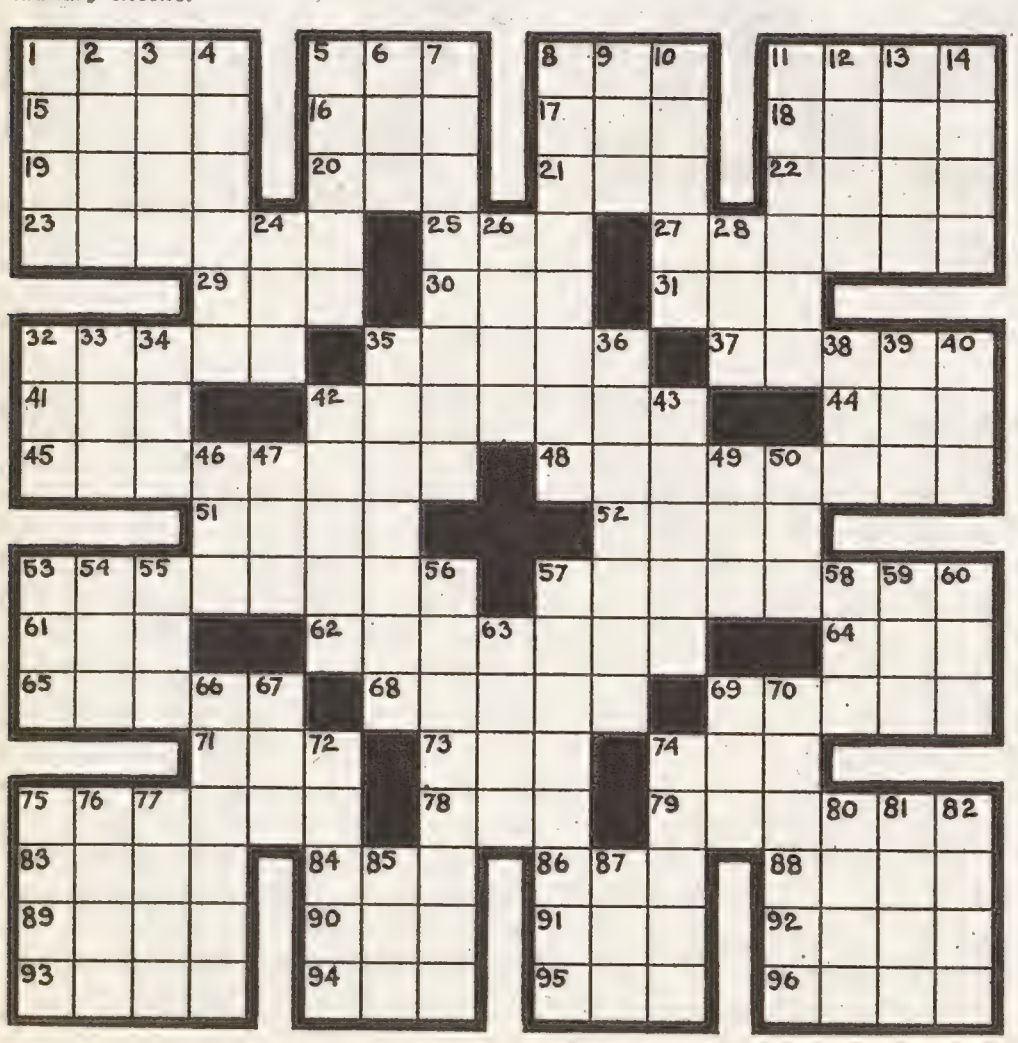
Third Prize, $75—*His "close shave" was a "hair-raising" feat.*
Written by MRS. B. W. BROCKENBROUGH, 3312 Kensington Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Fourth Prize, $50—*And he swallowed his whistle, tweet-tweet.*
Written by J. P. BUCKEY, Cleveland News Bureau, Central Police Sta., Cleveland, O.

Fifth Prize, $25—*One smile and she owned the whole street.*
Written by MRS. HECTOR C. NICHOLLS, 215 River Heights, Winnipeg, Can.

LIBERTY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 28

A patient creature is the Chinaman! An ingenious creature is the Chinaman! Just to prove this patience and this ingenuity he sat himself down some thousand years ago and concocted the First Puzzle. The tangram, as he calls it, is still in existence; an amazingly intricate puzzle of five carved ivory triangles, a square and a lozenge which can be made into three hundred different figures. But when the cross-word puzzle came along the tangram got the gate. Now the Chinaman is proving his patience and his ingenuity by solving puzzles that look like glorified laundry checks.

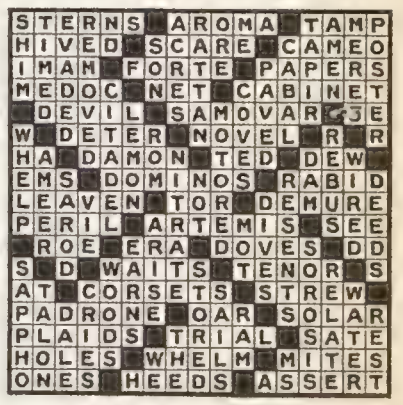


HORIZONTAL

1 Fundamental part of a thing
5 An omnibus (abbr.)
8 Cabriolet
11 A crude, nearly solid turpentine
15 Small windlass
16 Got nourishment
17 A form of verse
18 Wife of Zeus (Greek religion)
19 Superficial contents of a figure
20 Gender
21 Extinct flightless bird of New Zealand
22 Mean or tattered attire
23 Titmouse
25 A Chinese or Japanese pagoda
27 Props
29 Prior
30 Islet
31 Soft white metal
32 Past one's prime
35 To furnish with a quality or faculty
37 Word of unknown meaning occurring in Psalms
41 Consciousness of self
42 Slight convexity of the shaft of a column
44 A southern constellation
45 Travelers
48 Vigorous operation (plural)
51 To alleviate
52 Costly
53 Seminaries
57 Native of a large island in the China sea
61 Anglo-Saxon money of account
62 The most luminous color of the spectrum (plural)
64 Suffix signifying a native or language of a country
65 Native
68 Those who perform deeds
69 Male of a particular class of swimming birds
71 Stake
73 Close-fitting round cap
74 Clew
75 Legislative body
78 Demonstrative word
79 Wandered
83 To leave undone
84 Hawaiian food prepared from the taro root
86 Cereal grass
88 To venture
89 Brought to perfection
90 To bring forth young, as a lamb
91 Meadow
92 Canal from Buffalo to Albany in N. Y. State
93 The Greek god of war
94 A unit of work or energy (physics)
95 A vegetable
96 Peruse

VERTICAL

1 Contemptuous term for a child
2 Combining form; air
3 Appear to be
4 Inflates
5 To sew loosely with big stitches
6 American Indian of a Shoshonean tribe
7 Instruments for measuring angles
8 Lethargic
9 Fuss
10 A brutal, coarse person
11 A chair of state
12 To give audience or attention to
13 To press upon attention
14 Pert or insolent language (Colloq.)
24 Anger
26 An opera by Verdi
28 Pronoun
32 Favorite
33 Past
34 A French coin
35 Penetrated
36 Openings in the walls of a building
38 Member of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma
39 One hundred square meters
40 Possesses
42 Literary composition
43 Prophets
46 A coin of Portugal
47 Gaelic form of John
49 To thrust with violence
50 Twelve dozen (abbr.)
53 Male descendant
54 Succession of years dating from some important event
55 Entangle
56 Cutting a long, narrow aperture
57 At an earlier time
58 Wave
59 Inquire
60 Word introducing the maiden name of a woman
63 One of the wives of Jacob
66 Lessons
67 Allow
69 An instrumental duet
70 Peruser
72 American Indian wigwam
74 Part of milk
75 A long upholstered seat
76 An Arabian military commander
77 A baseball team
80 Female equine quadruped
81 A silkworm that feeds on the castor plant
82 Exploit
85 Propelling device
87 Affirmative



Answer to Puzzle No. 27

If *and* When

By Frank Condon

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

I.

IT PROBABLY will not throw the New York Stock Exchange into a furor and start a bear panic, and no doubt the Prince of Wales will go on wearing the same blue suit, but nevertheless, some important news is herewith conveyed. . . . Omar Gill is with us again, and, by that, I mean to say he has come back to us after being long away.

He has rejoined us after a dismal absence lasting for many moons, and our old combination, which has been through fire and frost together, again presents an unbroken and unterrified front to the world. There is cash on hand, we have retrieved our trunks, and the only casualty is a slight scalp wound where a spent brick bounded off Harmony Childs on its way elsewhere.

For five months Harmony and I boggled along cheerlessly as a twosome without our little trouble-maker, who had abandoned us in a sudden rage, accompanied by a Polo policeman. He had fled out of Polo, swearing bitterly and leaving us to carry on the real estate business, into which we had gone with honest intentions, and in which we meant to remain, considering that the profits were pleasant and the work consisted mainly of driving widows and orphans about in a sedan. We concluded, as the weeks passed, that we would never again in this world lay eye upon our stormy petrel.

Following Omar's disgruntled exit, Harmony and I sold lots to the deluded citizens of Polo and environs, but the business seemed to lose its tang. Being strictly honest was novel and interesting, and the Chamber of Commerce was our stanch friend, but the joy of living was gone, and I began to yearn for the unattainable. Harmony likewise yearned, and daily we grew sadder and sadder.

And, as usually happens, the land madness collapsed. The boom in Polo unexpectedly turned a grayish blue about the gills, rolled over a couple of times, gasped, and died on our doorstep, leaving us with more unimproved lots than you can see from a train window in Kansas.

"*Now* we are ruined," Harmony announced one morning in our elegant office. He had his feet cocked up on a mahogany desk and was going through the headlines of the Polo *Mercury*, which stated that business was never better.

"Good," I said. "I'm glad we are ruined. This town of Polo is getting on my nerves, and I crave to go elsewhere and see life."

"It proves to you what a man gets for being honest," Harmony complained, tossing the paper away. "Here we settle in a nice town, rent an office, join the Business Men's Lunch, and turn respectable. We become hard-working realtors, selling lots to natives and tourists, and the first thing you know the dry spell steps in and wallops the ranchers and bang goes our prosperity. Of course, business will pick up later on, but we won't be here."

"I knew all that," I said, gloomily. "This thing of being absolutely honest has certain drawbacks, and we're not the first to find it out. How much cash have we got?"

"If we pay off, we are even with the world and the undisputed owners of three dollars and a half—that is, if we don't count the eleven thousand we invested with old man Chuttuck."

"Don't count it," I said. "Something has happened to that eleven thousand."

The old man Chuttuck referred to was a

A Roaring Yarn of a Confidence Game That Only an Earthquake Could Wreck

"DON'T try to bull me," he yelled.

banker from Citronia, which is sixty miles from Polo as the flivver flies. He was, when we first beheld him, such a large, imposing banker that any sum of money invested with him or through him seemed more than safe. He was not only large but he was behemotheric.

We had chummed up with this fiscal prodigy at the Polo Golf and Country Club, where he was not playing either golf or polo. He was, in truth, eating the southern exposure of a roasted cow and enjoying it, along with a hatful of fried potatoes and minor delicatessen of a barbecue character. Nature had decided against Mr. Chuttuck in the matter of games or quick physical effort, and when he moved it was like a steam shovel emerging from a landslide.

I believe he weighed four hundred and thirty pounds, but I am uncertain. It may have been three hundred and forty.

We found Mr. Chuttuck to be an amiable and smiling banker, who radiated cheer and confidence, and we listened to his rosy stories of prosperity in Santa Bonita Valley, the county seat of which is Citronia. He dilated upon its magnificent financial future, and Harmony, easy prey that he is, unfastened our mutual wallet and tossed him eleven thousand dollars of real estate money for quick investment.

I had nothing to do with the deal, except to protest against it and have my warning scorned.

I was right. It was the last we ever saw of Mr. Aaron Chuttuck, the overfed capitalist. Three weeks later his bank in Citronia blew up with a faint, hissing sound, and widespread tragedy ensued.

We had this news soon after Harmony decided we were ruined, as far as Polo was concerned, so we packed our bags, paid off the help, settled all bills, and bade farewell to the real estate business.

"We are leaving here clean and honest," Harmony boasted. "We don't owe anybody a thin dime, and, while we appear to be scraping along on the bottom, still we have not sullied our fair fame with crooked deals in Polo."

WE took a sixty-mile street car ride to Citronia, and there we found indeed a dismal village. Everybody was gloomy. People snarled at each other over mere trifles. One man, a notary public, had tried to commit suicide, but had missed his head three times and finally gave it up.

We came across little groups of dispirited citizens lolling about on street corners discussing the wreck of their fortunes, each one lying generously about what he had on deposit; and we joined in with them, being part of the wreckage, as we found out immediately. The books showed that our eleven thousand was gone, and from enraged citizens and ranchers we heard that it was indeed a strange bank defalcation, and difficult to explain.

No one had the faintest notion where Aaron Chuttuck had taken himself, yet everyone was absolutely sure he could not have gone far. Such a man, with his figure, it was argued in Levy's Cash Grocery, could not leap blithely out into the airy spaces and hope to escape the law. If he had been an ordinary pale, panatela banker with sideburns he might have ridden off in the washroom of a mixed train, but Aaron Chuttuck—no, not a chance in the world.

We talked the thing over with Wilfred Boram, president of the Santa Bonita Valley Citrus Association and one of the strong, upstanding men of the community.

"Just closed its doors quietly," mourned Boram, speaking of the Chuttuck Savings Bank. "Open one afternoon and closed the next morning, as calm as a pewit on a tree. Not a word of explanation. Fooled even his own loving wife."

Mr. Chuttuck had waddled about the town for years, a trusted and honored member of the community. His wife had been a pillar in the local church, and Aaron had contributed to charity. They had lived in a modest red brick house on Lombard Hill, overlooking the village, and the Chuttuck Savings Bank, as time passed, was regarded as being about three times safer than the Bank of England.

On the morning of the ghastly news Sheriff Al Dodge climbed the hill, with three deputies, and questioned Mrs. Chuttuck, who weep-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Children need Wrigley's

The little tads must have their sweets.

Wrigley's gives them the sweets they crave and it is very beneficial also.

It's a friend to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

Happy children, healthy teeth with Wrigley's

For young and old we say:

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

F.79

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

ingly informed them that she knew nothing.

"We'll have to search the premises," Al said, apologetically.

With great care, Sheriff Dodge went through the little home, prying into closets, kicking things over in the cellar, and generally satisfying himself that Aaron was nowhere about. It was not a hard house to search.

"Which puts us right in with the Belgian refugees," Harmony remarked, after our talk with Al Dodge. "Not a dime in the world."

"I'll pack our bags tonight," I said, thinking it over.

"You're not going anywhere," answered Harmony. "You're here, and, unless you walk, you stay here."

It was in our next period of thoughtful contemplation, while we were lingering at the Citronia House, knowing we would eventually be ejected for nonpayment of essential dues, that Harmony Childs, old eagle-eye that he is, stumbled upon a paragraph in the San Francisco newspaper. The paper had been purchased by Charley Hirst, who turned out to be our best friend in Citronia.

"Rush over here," Harmony said, removing his feet from a chair, "and listen to this."

I did so, and he rapidly skimmed through a news account which informed the curious that a certain Professor Rossmore of Le Croix University had been arrested in a San Francisco office building, where he had been creating a disturbance, violating the city mob law, inciting to riot, and blocking traffic, according to a statement by the enraged Frisco native who had brought about the arrest, after first blacking the professor's eye and otherwise treating him rough.

The news item explained that Professor Rossmore claimed to own and offer for sale a device or scientific invention of peculiar import to citizens of Frisco.

It was nothing more than a complicated mechanism for the warding off of earthquakes.

You paid Professor Rossmore so many dollars down and he handed you his invention, and thereafter your locality was free of earthquakes. He had been peddling about San Francisco, trying to interest capital in his invention and later trying to get loyal San Franciscans to take it over, when he met with the punch in the eye. It was said that previously the inventor had been kicked out of the city hall and was threatened with arrest for trying to see the mayor.

II.

"CAN you imagine that?" Harmony demanded, putting down the paper and registering facial wonderment. "Can you see any sane person padding into the city of San Francisco and trying to sell them a device for staving off earthquakes?"

"Certainly does seem odd to risk one's buttons discussing earthquakes in Frisco," I agreed. "Frisco folks always call that thing they had a fire. I was there, and it was no fire that poured me out of a third story window."

"Yes," snapped the boss, "but you don't yet gather the drift. There is only one man wearing garters in the world today who would be blithering nincompoop enough to go gadding the streets of Frisco, poking in the city hall, and offering them a good, reliable earthquake baffler. . . . Think, George; think."

I did so. I then arose and threw away my cigar.

"Omar Gill!" I exclaimed.

"None other," chuckled Harmony. "Nobody else in Christendom. How will we get in touch?"

"Why should we want to get in touch? Here we are in Citronia, flatter than flails, waiting for Charley Hirst's patience to give out. Omar, if this is the man, lies dormant in a Frisco jail. Let him lie. If we reached him he would want to borrow money. Would he, if he had money, be wandering around a touchy town courting a poke in the eye?"

"It is true he never has a dime, but here he has a real idea. This earthquake thing is a prime notion, high class in every respect and full of jolly possibilities."

"I thought you meant it was no good at all."

"No good in Frisco," said the boss, "the same as running pants are no use in Sing Sing. But there are other spots where the notion of an earthquake-blocker is virtually an inspiration."

"Where?"

"HERE," he said, lowering his voice and looking about the room, whilst there came into his eye the old inspired gleam I have learned to recognize. "Right here in Citronia, once a prosperous town, and now on its uppers because of a faithless banker. Did you ever hear tell of the Citronia Orange Show? You never did, which shows why you lean on me mentally. The Citronia Orange Show was—was, I say—the one gala, grand, and glorious event in this valley every season."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"This year," he continued, with growing enthusiasm, "owing to various disasters, they haven't the heart or the cash to carry on their festival. Yet you see no opportunity here for an earthquake stopper. Huh! I am now going out to telegraph San Francisco, and later on we will take up the serious business of putting Citronia back on its feet."

"I can't see any connection," I said truthfully.

"You wouldn't, which is why you will never be either famous or rich and old ladies will never want your autograph."

At ten o'clock that same evening we had evidence that Harmony Childs hits oftener than he misses. It came in the form of an answering telegram from Omar Gill, and it revealed that Professor Rossmore, the earthquake king, was none other than our absent friend.

"Will join you at once," read the dispatch. "Let bygones be bygones. Trust you are in funds."

"There you are," I said to Harmony. "He's busted, too."

Thirty-six hours later our little ball-and-chain hopped off a train in the Citronia station, waved his hat, and shook hands casually.

WE gave him the late news about Banker Chuttuck and the collapse of real estate and followed with discussion of the facts in Citronia.

Here was an entire valley pulsing with outraged orange growers and a small town filled with citizens who had lost their deposits and who were now about to be denied their annual and profitable orange show.

Normally, Santa Bonita Valley held, in early December of each year, a mammoth fete known far and wide. It was a sort of baby-sized world's fair, with the orange glorified, and was attended by excitement, talk in the newspapers, inrushing tourists with money in both hands, and movie companies taking pictures for the news weeklies.

And this year there was to be no orange show at all. A discouraged populace had considered the matter and had voted to pass, being sustained by the valley ranchers, who had struggled through a hard summer with no rain to speak of and the orange market shot to pieces, anyhow. There were two powerful reasons.

Everybody in the valley was suffering a money shortage, owing to the eccentricities of Banker Chuttuck, but the second reason was even more potent. Tourists and others had avoided Santa Bonita Valley for a solid year because of a plague of earthquakes, a veritable swarm of ground shakers which had been making life miserable for valley dwellers and scaring off outsiders.

"This is where we step in," Harmony said, after reviewing the situation. "The first man to see is Wilfred Boram, because what he says goes with the orange growers."

Omar explained what he had in the way of a scientific equipment to head off earthquakes, and it sounded mildly interesting. He had schemed the thing out during his exile, and his method of guaranteeing a community against temblors was spectacular and might be made plausible to harassed ranchers who saw it in action.

You erected a moderately tall tower, putting up four stilts and a

platform, with a rail running around the top. On this platform you suspended a large and shining ball of tin, German silver, or any other handy substance that glinted brightly in the sun and looked scientific. A metallic ball is always intriguing because you have to guess at what is inside it.

Below the ball, according to the Omaric system, was placed a dishpan over a slow fire, and into the pan were poured certain obscure drug store powders, which burned slowly, gave off a painful odor, and rose in picturesque plumes.

The theory underlying all this was simple. As we later explained to Wilfred Boram, earthquakes are caused by inequalities in the atmospheric pressure. Ordinarily this pressure is tremendous, but there are times when it lifts. Omar had the figures out of a book on Fascinating Facts which he had discovered in a smoking car.

In good weather there are two hundred million tons of pressure on the earth to the square mile of air, and this weight comes mainly from the nitrogen, because nothing else in the air weighs anything. Occasionally the nitrogen thins out, which, of course, eases off the pressure on the earth's crust and causes the waiting earthquake to break loose.

The scientific chemicals in the tin dish were balance-restorers.

IT was an involved proposition, with the chance to use many large, meaningless words, and Harmony Childs tipped back in his chair the first time he heard Omar narrate and soaked it all in. When I heard him again retail it to Wilfred Boram I was once more stirred to admiration of our leader's mind.

We found Wilfred shining the radiator of his car, and assured him that if he and his town needed an orange show in December to restore prosperity we were in a position to help. He listened with sponge poised, and at first betrayed no interest; but as Harmony slipped into high gear, and began talking about slides and how the intensity of a quake is greatest in or near the epicenter, due very largely to the normal bradyseismical action, I could see Wilfred open his eyes. His manner became more respectful.

"Of course, you are naturally doubtful about our ability to stop earthquakes," our leader said to him, "and I don't blame you. Pioneers are always doubted, but we don't want any money until we finish this job."

"You can't stop earthquakes," said Mr. Boram, dejectedly. "Of course, if you *could* stop 'em, we could still get out the advertising, as far as that's concerned, and go right along with our show."

"We certainly can stop them," Harmony replied, "because we are the first to tackle the problem with scientific tools."

"How?" Boram demanded.

THE quake then proceeded to chew things up. It was a first-class seismic sockdolager, and it required just forty seconds to shake the orange show into goulash.

Harmony, for five minutes more, deluged Wilfred with incomprehensible and convincing statistics, and the good impression grew.

"Gather your orange growers together," suggested the boss. "I'll make them our offer. If they don't accept it, no harm done. This community certainly needs its winter show more than we need the money."

President Boram agreed to call an emergency meeting of the leading orange growers, and that evening, at our hotel, the three of us held a private debate.

"How are you going to guarantee a fool thing like this?" I demanded. "If we don't collect our pay in advance from these simple rustics, where do we get off?"

"They are not that simple," Harmony retorted. "They will have to hold their show before they settle with us. You can't expect cash in advance on a deal like this."

"Which is the same as no cash at all."

"Nonsense. We merely gamble with old lady Nature. If she lays off 'til they get their jamboree started, then we win. If she spangs them in the eyes with a quake before December 6, we lose, and I would assume that we hurry out of town, thereby avoiding personal discom-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

fort. Any way you figure, we will be no worse off than we are now."

"I like schemes where we get the money first," said I.

"Think one up," snapped Harmony. "If you're such a bright little lad, come through or shut up."

The next morning there was a meeting of the Valley Grange, consisting of citrus growers in overalls. They drove grimly into town in their flivvers, convened in Red Men's Hall, and we joined them. Mr. Boram introduced us, and Harmony Childs placed one hand under his coat lapel and made a speech.

"All we ask," he concluded, "is the trifling sum of seven thousand dollars for our work. And we want nothing in advance. We stand here ready to insure this lovely valley against earthquakes until your orange show is ended and your coffers filled. Earthquakes and nothing else can keep you from having a fine big affair this fall. We merely ask that you collect this seven thousand dollars, put it into escrow at the Citronia Bank, and leave it there until your festival is over. Then pay us off. I ask you, is that fair or not?"

III.

THERE was a warm discussion following our leader's speech, and the orange cultivators admitted the honesty of our proposition. They rose up, man after man, and asked questions concerning our methods, and Harmony answered suavely and in detail. Our process, he said, was secret, but our results were apparent to one and all.

A rising vote was taken, and the ranchers, lured by the thought of gold, voted to attack their sinking fund and hand President Boram seven thousand, to be kept in trust until we had made good. There was one objector, a tall, cadaverous man named William Klemmy, and William asserted that in a long career he had never before come across such brazen fraud.

"Don't try to bull me," he yelled, standing on an undertaker's chair and shaking his hat at us. "I wouldn't give a dollar to such a fool scheme."

"You don't have to give a dollar," Harmony returned. "We make good first. We deliver you a definite period of time free from the plague of quakes that have wiped your valley off the map. After your show is ended, you pay us off. What's foolish about that?"

"You can't do it!" howled Mr. Klemmy.

"Try us and see," retorted our leader.

"Fake!"

"Sit down, y' old fool!" roared a friendly rancher, and presently a vote was taken. The associated orange encouragers decided, with Klemmy voting no, to chip in to the tune of seven thousand, the money to remain in escrow. If Nature stood by us during two months we collected.

What we did was to wager our time, which was of no value, that there would not be a temblor until December 6, and this in a valley which had been getting them at the rate of one mamma quake and several little ones per month for many moons.

Instantly a marked change came over the town of Citronia when the news spread, and the good effects of our presence were immediately discernible. Business bounded back to life. Shops freshened their stocks. Our seven thousand was put into the Citronia Savings and Trust Company, and we became persons of importance and were photographed for the Sunday papers. Our signal tower was rushed to completion, and every day groups gathered and watched the carpenters.

Meantime the orange show got under way. Workmen dug trenches, erected walls, and the buildings sprang up as if by magic. Tourists began to drift into Citronia, and now all was breezy where once the place was dead.

As November advanced, the fever grew, and so did the visiting tourists. A mad architect took charge, and tall, skinny buildings arose, with towers made of oranges. A magnificent gateway was designed. The walls were decorated not only with oranges but with lemons and grapefruit also, and as the enterprise advanced the earth remained placid.

The opening day was Monday, the sixth of December, and the village was ready on time. The hotels were packed full by Sunday night, and auto tourists had filled the free camp.

Omar, Harmony, and I sat down Sunday night at precisely seven o'clock to dinner in the main dining hall of Charley Hirst's hotel in Citronia, and from where I sat waiting for the meal I could see the tall, ornate towers of the orange show. Everything was set and ready to go. The hour was seven minutes after seven, and at that precise instant there arrived in Citronia the long-deferred earthquake.

It started in as a gentle rumble and then worked up gradually, and before it got through it was the daddy of them all. The entire ceiling of the hotel landed in our soup, and the three of us dashed for the open air. The town did the same thing, and citizens could be seen everywhere, some running and others content to lie flat upon the ground and howl. The quake then proceeded to chew things up.

It was a first-class seismic sockdolager, and it required just forty seconds to shake the orange show into goulash. Those skimpy buildings fell over like so many fish poles. Clouds of plaster climbed into the evening sky, and the main gate was found two blocks away, hanging from a eucalyptus tree. Forty million oranges lay upon the ground, and the enraged ranchers out in the valley started for town to see if anything remained.

"This," said Harmony, "is our finish."

"Let's go," I said, "while the town is still numb. They're going to be mad at us."

"It was a good idea," Omar said mournfully, "only the string busted."

IN the darkness we escaped from Citronia, and one week later we arrived in Salt Lake City, having made the journey on freight trains, which are sure-footed but uncomfortable.

Broke, discouraged, and unhappy, we found lodgings in a fourth-class hotel on the outskirts of town, and it was there that we learned the extent of our misfortunes. Harmony came in with a newspaper containing the earthquake story, and describing the plight of Citronia.

"But," said the newspaper, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The quake which laid Citronia low accomplished that which keen detectives had failed to do. It revealed and brought about the capture of Aaron Chuttuck, the fat and absconding banker who had disappeared with the town's money.

"It seems he had sealed himself up in a secret room in his home with provisions for three months, intending to remain secure until the financial hubbub had blown over and then escape unsought.

"The earthquake shook his house to the ground and tossed him into the street from his hiding place and, with him, the bags containing Citronia's money. Banker Chuttuck is now in jail, and the depositors, many of whom were ruined, are happy again and have been paid in full."

There was a long, thoughtful silence in the room where Harmony sat reading the news.

"Then," I said, "we have eleven thousand dollars coming to us."

"Sure," snapped Harmony Childs. "Coming to us. Try and get it."

"I'll go back there and demand it," Omar snorted.

"Go ahead," said our cheerless leader; "and right after they string you up to a telephone pole we will write them a nasty letter protesting against the outrage."

So, as it now stands, we have eleven thousand in Citronia, and I will trade my share of it for a stopped-up cigarette holder.

THE END

It was the last we ever saw of Mr. Aaron Chuttuck, the overfed capitalist.

Do You Like Blondes or Brunettes?

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Edwin Bower Hesser Photos

Metro-Goldwyn Photo

Russell Ball Photo

THAT FASCINATING BLONDE, Connie Bennett (upper left circle), has an important role in the forthcoming picture version of My Son, starring Jack Pickford and Nazimova.

STATELY KATHERINE KEY (above) will next be seen in the great Metro-Goldwyn production Ben-Hur, supporting Ramon Novarro. The picture is now nearing completion.

NOT A SISTER of Connie's, Belle Bennett (lower left panel), another dazzling youngster, is a recent graduate to the screen from the stage. She played for Ince.

A GRIFFITH FIND, Betty Jewel (left circle), once an understudy for Lillian Gish, appears in one of First National's new productions.

These FOUR FILMS *are* FINE

DECLASSE

From the Play by Zoe Akins

Directed by Robt. Vignola First National Picture

THE CAST:

Lady Helen Haden.....*Corinne Griffith*
Ned Thayer.....*Lloyd Hughes*
Rudolph Solomon.....*Clive Brook*
Sir Bruce Haden.....*Rockcliffe Fellowes*
Mrs. Leslie.....*Lilyan Tashman*
Lady Wildering.....*Hedda Hopper*

CORINNE GRIFFITH

CORINNE GRIFFITH is one of the orchids of the movies who must have sophisticated material as a vehicle for screen interpretations. Declasse serves this purpose adequately for Miss Griffith. It gives her the opportunity to be an abused and humiliated wife of a brutal English lord, to be unjustly divorced, snubbed by the English aristocracy because she is "declasse" and almost forced into accepting the protection, though not the name, of a New York millionaire.

The movie version has given the story a happy ending which the play did not have. The picture is richly put on, and if you are an admirer of Corinne Griffith you will be sufficiently rewarded for going.

SACKCLOTH *and* SCARLET

From the Novel by George Gibbs

Directed by Henry King A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Joan Freeman.....*Alice Terry*
Stephen Edwards.....*Orville Caldwell*
Polly Freeman.....*Dorothy Sebastian*
Etienne Fochard.....*Otto Matiesen*
Beatrice Selignac.....*Kathleen Kirkham*
Samuel Curtis.....*John Miljan*
Miss Curtis.....*Clarissa Selwynne*
Jack.....*Jack Huff*

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET is taken from the kind of novel which does not lend itself easily to screen adaptation. It jumps all over the globe. It is a "sister story"—one in which the selfish sister gets into all the trouble, and the other one takes the burden. The trouble in this case is a baby. Alice Terry is Joan Freeman, who brings up her sister's child as her own, and is fated to fall in love with the man who is the father of the child, whom she wanted to kill should she ever meet him.

CONFESSIONS *of a* QUEEN

From Alphonse Daudet's Novel, Kings in Exile

Directed by V. Seastrom Metro-Goldwyn Picture

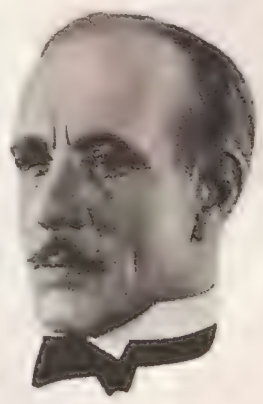
THE CAST:

The Queen.....*Alice Terry*
The King.....*Lewis Stone*
Prince Alexei.....*John Bowers*
Eleanora.....*Eugenia Besserer*
Sophora.....*Helena D'Algey*
Prince Zara.....*Frankie Darro*
Duke of Rosen.....*Joseph Dowling*

ALICE TERRY

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN is a picture set in Illyria, a make-believe country where a make-believe king, Christian II., decides to end his gay bachelor days by marrying the beautiful Princess Fredericka from the neighboring make-believe kingdom. But don't go to this picture expecting to see all the old familiar faces and facts that are the usual earmarks of stories set in fictitious countries. For there is no handsome American hero. There is no villain conspiring for the throne. There is not even a noble captain of the guards defending the castle against angry mobs.

In fact, the revolution, without which no story of one of these unreal countries is complete, is not the blood and thunder revolution we have learned to look for in these pictures. The director has done something original. He has handled the rebellion quietly and simply, as it might really have occurred. He has dispensed with the bloodthirsty mobs howling at the palace gates, the massacre of the king's guards, the royal family hemmed in at every turn. Not but what there isn't plenty of excitement. In the midst of it the royal family escapes to Paris until the revolution has been put down.



LEWIS STONE

The picture is one which you will thoroughly enjoy. Lewis Stone is King Christian II., whose spendthrift habits are the cause of the aforementioned revolution. Alice Terry is a beautiful and stately queen who falls in love with her royal husband at the end of the picture, in spite of the presence of the handsome Prince Alexei (John Bowers), cousin to the king.

A Page of Movie Reviews by ALVA TAYLOR

CONTRABAND

From the Novel by Clarence Budington Kelland

Directed by Alan Crosland A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Carmel Lee.....*Lois Wilson*
Deputy Jenney.....*Noah Beery*
Launcelot Bangs.....*Raymond Hatton*
Evan B. Pell.....*Raymond McKee*
Sheriff Churchill.....*Charles Ogle*
Tubal.....*Luke Cosgrove*
Abner Fownes.....*Edward Davis*
Simmy.....*Johnny Fox*

LOIS WILSON

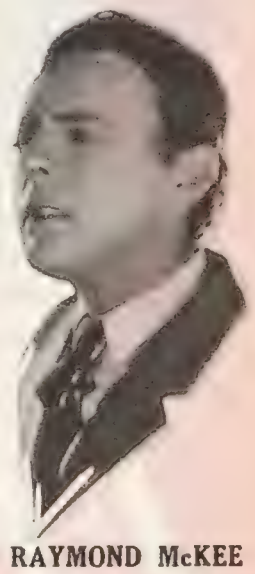
THERE are more villains to the square inch in Contraband than you have seen in many a month of movie going. And there's more entertainment and high-class direction and wealth of good movie material than you often have the good fortune to see in one picture. They have such a good cast and so much of it that they can afford to sacrifice one of its members in the first reel—by murder.

NOAH BEERY

Chief among the villains is Noah Beery, in whose hands a villain's part is as safe as with old Nick himself. The story is laid in a small town where all the politicians are crooked except the sheriff, who is murdered because he is honest. Contraband liquor is the source of all evil in this town. It comes in great truck loads in the dead of night, when all good citizens are asleep. But the young woman who owns and runs the town's weekly newspaper, with her staff of two, does a little investigating on her own, to startle the population of Gideon into adding to the circulation of her paper.

The trouble she lets herself in for will keep you in suspense. Along with all the thrills in this picture is a side issue of the making of a man. The hero, who knew plenty of long words, and had a lot of academic initials after his name, learns how to fight and make love.

This is certainly a picture which you should see.



RAYMOND McKEE

Next Week:

GRASS
A Paramount Picture

MEN *and* WOMEN
A Paramount Picture

The WAY *of a* GIRL
A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

SMOULDERING FIRES
A Universal Picture

3-in-One Looms Large at Housecleaning Time

3-in-One is a little thing—and costs little—but, my! how it does loom up when there's housecleaning to do! It has so many excellent uses and saves so very much hard work! For instance—

3-in-One cleans and polishes your fine furniture, wood-work and floors—removes surface scratches—restores much of the new look of which you were once so proud. Preserves the wood and the finish, too.

A few drops of 3-in-One in the wash water makes cut glass sparkle—makes mirrors and windows fairly glisten. No soap is needed. 3-in-One keeps all unlacquered metal looking spick and span. It penetrates the tiny pores, preventing rust and tarnish.

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Factories: Rahway, N. J., and Montreal

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for Happiness

Photo by Nicholas Muray

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[*The above prices vary according to length.*]

Multiple Strands—2, 3, 4, or 5 strand necklaces with appropriate clasps, from $20.00 upward. (center illustration)

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CUTTING DOWN *the* FOOD COSTS

Within the Protein Group

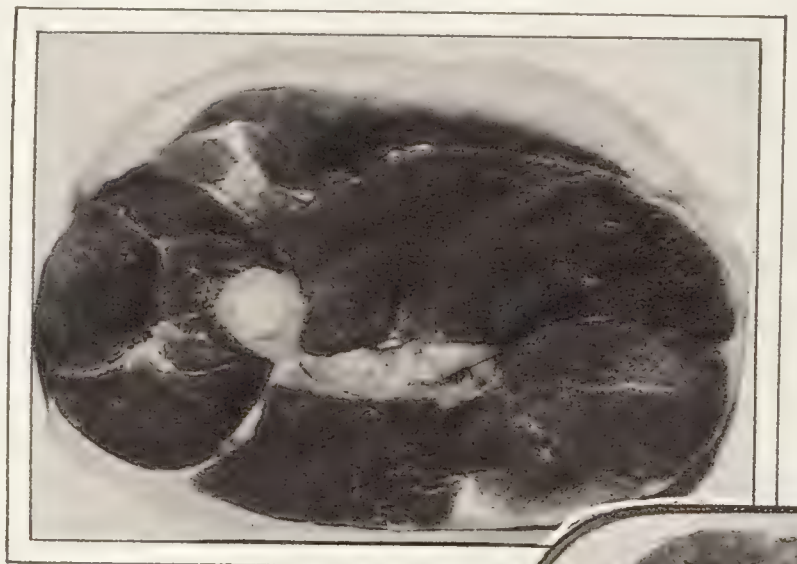
Second in a Series of Three Articles

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE human body is being constantly worn out by external and internal work. A weak part, if left unrestored, may easily become diseased. Protein foods restore these worn-out parts to their original strength and vigor. A satisfactory diet therefore requires a daily intake from the protein group of foods — milk, eggs, meat, cheese, and beans.

An adult needs a goodly serving of a high protein food once a day, plus some milk and cereal, as additional sources. A child, because of growth requirements, needs more proteins, particularly more milk, since milk is the source of our most complete growth protein. Some protein foods furnish building material of one type and some of another type, which makes variety within the group necessary. Just which proteins we eat as our supply makes no difference, providing we select them in variety.



The most expensive protein source—porterhouse steak.

A medium priced protein source—round steak.

If, then, you would economize on your daily protein requirement, you may do so safely by selecting those protein foods which come from the cheaper group (see table given herein). For example, beef heart may be had at one-third the cost of round of beef, which in turn may be had at one-half the cost of porterhouse, and yet these are all protein foods. You may expend, then, fifteen cents, forty cents, or sixty-four cents, as you choose for your family's daily allowance of edible protein. The recipes and table given herewith will help point out the way.

Pan-broiled Liver

1 pound liver, sliced one-third inch thick
¼ pound bacon, sliced
Water cress, parsley, and butter to garnish

HEAT a frying pan very hot. Add the bacon and cook until crisp and brown, turning frequently. Then pan-broil the liver slowly, browning it on each side. (A quick browning produces a product with a leathery edge.) Rare liver should require about ten minutes' cooking, or fifteen minutes for well done. Serve hot with parsley butter (one-fourth cup of creamed butter, beaten with one tablespoon of parsley and two tablespoons lemon juice), an wedges of lemon or lime.

Boiled Beef Heart

2 pounds beef heart
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 onion, sliced
3 tablespoons of minced celery
1 carrot, minced
1 tablespoon tomato catsup or Worcestershire
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper

CUT out any hard parts from the meat. Wash in cold water. Soak in cold water one hour. Rub the pepper and salt over the outside of the meat. Pour boiling water, enough to cover, over the meat. Add the vegetable seasonings. Bring to simmering quickly, cover and continue to stew (180° F.) for two to three hours.

The least expensive meat proteins—sliced liver and beef hearts.

(Do not boil the liquid, as it toughens the meat.) Remove any scum as soon as it forms. When tender, serve hot. Carve by slicing crosswise. Caper sauce, pickle sauce, or horseradish is often served with boiled beef heart.

Braised Beef Heart

2 pounds beef heart
2 tablespoons fat
3 strips of bacon or salt pork
1 onion, sliced
¾ cup minced carrots
1 medium onion, chopped
½ cup cracker crumbs
¼ cup boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons of melted butter
¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning

WASH the heart in cold water and remove any gristle or hard parts. Parboil thirty minutes. Chop the carrot and onion in a meat grinder, using the fine toothed knife. Add the seasonings to the cracker crumbs. Pour in the hot water and combine the two mixtures. Stuff into the heart and rub with fat. Season with a sprinkling of salt and pepper and dredge with flour.

Brown the sliced onion and heart in a frying pan with two tablespoons of fat and when browned, place in a tightly covered baking dish. Put the bacon or salt pork strips across the hearts to baste them during the cooking process, as they lack fat. Add enough hot water to reach one-fourth the height of the meat. Cover closely and cook in a slow oven (350° F.) two or two and one-half hours, or until tender.

Serve on a hot platter, surrounded with a ring of buttered, diced vegetables (celery, carrots, and peas make a good combination), or potatoes, boiled rice, or savory rice. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives and parsley and serve hot.

Macaroni and Cheese

¾ cup macaroni
¾ cup grated cheese
1 cup of buttered bread crumbs
1½ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

BREAK the macaroni into one-inch pieces. Boil in a large quantity of salted water (one-half teaspoon salt to each quart of water) until tender. Pour into a sieve or colander and blanch with cold water. Make a white sauce of the last five ingredients. Melt the butter and remove it from the fire. Mix in the flour and gradually add the milk. Cook and stir for five to ten minutes, to cook the starch thoroughly. If at this time the sauce is too thick, thin with liquid drained from the cooked macaroni. Add the cheese to the hot sauce. Then add the macaroni. Pour into a buttered baking dish and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until browned in a moderate oven (350° F.). Serve in place of meat rather than with meat.

Cottage Cheese

1 quart thick sour milk
¼ teaspoon salt
Cream, top milk, or butter to moisten

POUR at least two quarts of boiling water into the sour milk. The whey and curd will begin to separate at once. Strain the mixture through a double thickness of cheese cloth and allow it to drip for several hours or over night. Place the curd in a bowl. Add the salt and cream or butter and mix thoroughly. Serve cold, garnished with parsley or paprika.

*Protein Foods for Different Purses

Least Expensive:

Milk
Skim milk
Cheese up to 40 cents a pound
Cottage cheese
Beef heart and liver
Dried beans, lima beans, peas, and lentils

Medium Priced:

Eggs up to 50 cents a dozen
Fowl up to 35 cents a pound
Fish up to 20 cents a pound
Lean beef up to 40 cents a pound
Lean pork chops up to 45 cents a pound
Salt cod up to 30 cents a pound

Most Expensive:

Porterhouse steak
Young chicken
Oysters
Lobster

* United States Department of Agriculture, Home Economics Division.

"HE mumbled sullenly when Judy roused him. "A cop chased us and Suzanne was laughing. It was all her idea."

KATHLEEN NORRIS'

Latest Serial

A Brilliant Novel of Modern Parents, Amazing Children, and Society's New Moral Code

Pictures by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

JUDY and Forbes Rogers, home again from the dance at the Littletons', went into their big dark house, where only the entrance hall showed a gleam of light.

"Well, Suzanne and Jim are back here now, thank God," Forbes said fervently.

Bracken, the second butler, admitting them, stated impassively, however, that Miss Carolan and Mr. Saterlee had not come in yet.

Judy sent her husband a glance of pure panic, but her voice was quite cheerful as she dismissed the butler for the night.

Following Forbes into the little library that was close to the front door, her face was pale.

"Forbes! Where can they be?"

"Run up and look in her room, Judy. He may be mistaken! Meanwhile I'll telephone—nothing else to do!"

"Oh, but Forbes—if you telephone, people will know something is wrong!"

"Well, what else can I do?"

"I know——" She ran upstairs, praying desperately as she went. Rhoda's beautiful child—nineteen—somewhere out in the night with a boy who had been drinking steadily for twelve hours. The clocks were striking four.

Suzanne's room was in hideous confusion. She had indeed been ill; the white and silver gown never would be worn again. The dressing table was a wreckage of fading flowers, spilled powder, twisted fillet, messes of red paint. The bed was empty.

"Jim's room," Judy thought, with a pounding heart. She ran up another flight of stairs. Jim's room was empty, too.

When she descended to the library again, very white, Forbes had lighted the wood fire. A shaded lamp filled the little room with soft apricot light; the wood crackled noisily. Judy, regal in wheat-embroidered silver brocade, sank into a chair, resting her cheek on her hand. Forbes, pale in his crumpled evening

WHO'S WHO *in the* FOURTH INSTALLMENT

JUDY ROGERS, *beautiful, and the devoted mother of three children, had, before the story opened, been a nurse in war-tormented France. At that time, when only nineteen, she had had a passionate love affair with*

ETIENNE LA TOUCHE, *a young French lieutenant, afterward killed. Some time after his death Judy had married*

FORBES ROGERS, *then a captain in the American Army: a handsome, forceful millionaire of thirty. Forbes, who knew nothing of Etienne, had brought Judy home to New York, and his aristocratic social circle. At the opening of the story she and Forbes are guests at a tea given to celebrate the emergence from a finishing school of*

SUZANNE CAROLAN, *nineteen, a debutante-to-be and an exquisite bud of a girl.*

RHODA CAROLAN, *Suzanne's mother, sends Suzanne to Judy for a visit of a few days. The evening after the tea, when Judy is dressing, Forbes enters Judy's room and discloses the fact that letters revealing Judy's long past affair with Etienne la Touche have come into his possession. Judy confesses the truth and wonders if their marriage can continue. However, on the surface, their lives go on as usual. They chaperon Suzanne and her escort,*

JIM SATERLEE, *Forbes Rogers' young nephew, to a tea dance, a card party, and a late dance at the Littletons'. At all these functions Judy and Forbes are amazed and shocked by the coarseness of the younger set. When the Littletons' dance ends, after three o'clock in the morning, Judy and Forbes Rogers discover that Suzanne and Jim had left, without a word of explanation. The Rogerses go home, thinking they will find the two younger people there.*

The Unforgivable Sin

dress, sat opposite. The odd vigil began.

"I can't get any trace of them," Forbes said, nervously twisting a white glove to rags. "My God, what can we say to Rhoda if anything happens to her?"

Judy bit her lip, shook her head without speaking. But her breath came quickly.

"Do you suppose they're in love with each other?" the man demanded suddenly.

"Love——" she said scornfully, shaking her head. "This sort of insanity hasn't much to do with love!"

"Passion then," he submitted. "Sex——"

"I don't think it even has much to do with sex," Judy said in a silence. "Perhaps they think it has! But all this expense of furs and hats, this rouge and hair-curling and perfuming, this jazz and liquor and perspiration and cigarettes! Why, 'sex' doesn't seem much of a word to defend," Judy added, with a somewhat sad smile, "but one feels that it is an insult even to it to confuse it with *this!*

"Forbes," she added, rousing, "this is ghastly! Where *are* they?"

"Lord," Forbes muttered, writhing, "I wish they'd come home!"

AFTER a while he said:

"Judy, can we keep *our* kids from this?"

Her heart trembled with ecstasy. He had forgotten the gulf that yawned between them: his was, again, the old simple, trusting tone of the husband she loved.

"I've been thinking of that, Forbes," she said. And the shadowed eyes met his somberly. "It almost seems as if we must pioneer, as their forefathers did, into a new civilization, for them."

"But where?" he asked blankly, and she smiled.

"I don't mean geographically, Forbes. But right here, right in their own world, we'll have to recover the code, re-form it, maybe, mark our lines a little clearer, make them feel—make them feel that they must choose our way, or the other—that the ways can't meet!"

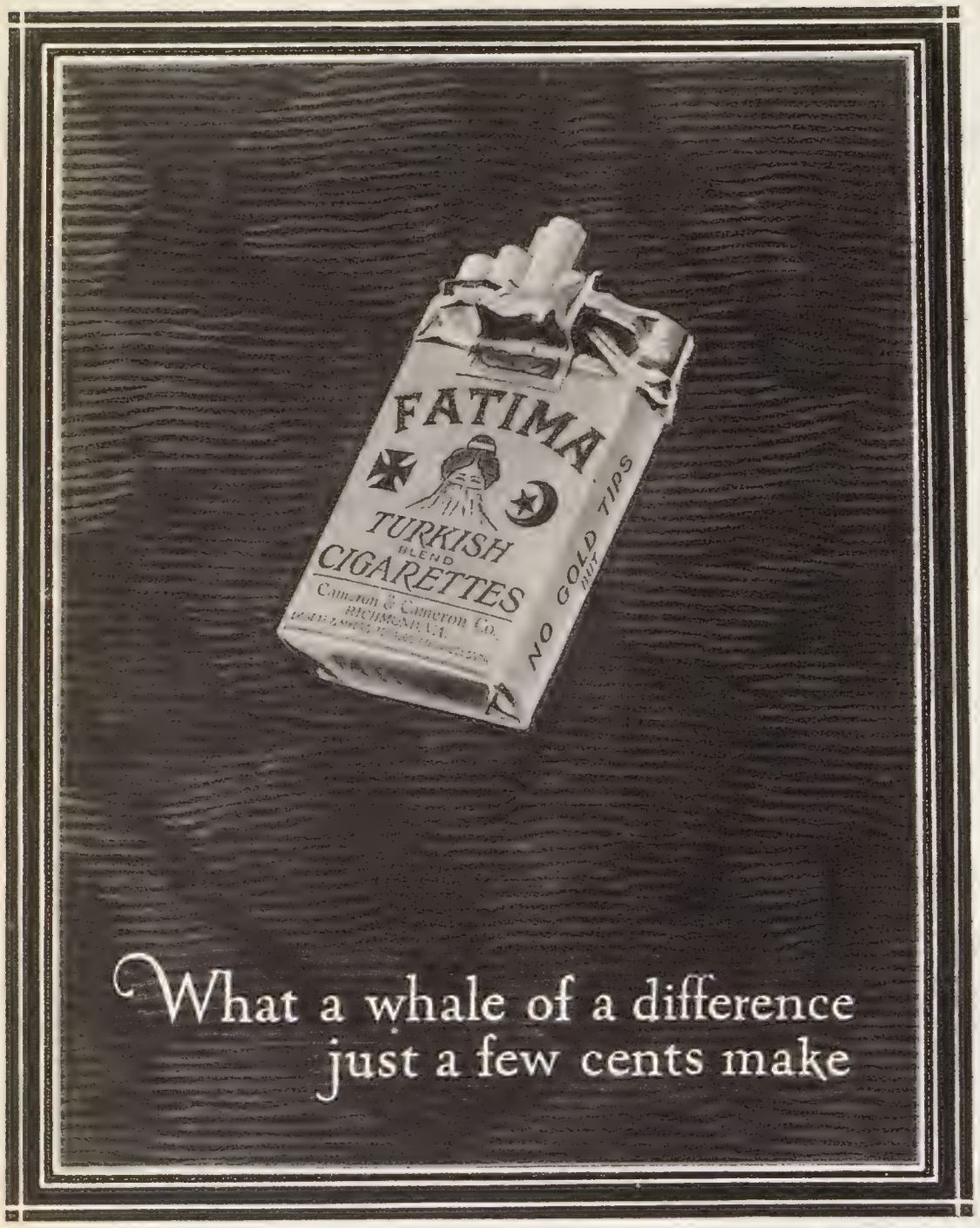
She had been betrayed into a longer speech than she had intended, and seeing his grave, thoughtful eyes upon her, she fell silent, and felt the blood in her face.

They were still for a space. Judy rested her elbow on her chair-arm and her face on her hand.

She wished, at this moment, that she had never done anything wrong in her life. Somehow, in this hour between day and night, this strange hour when her married closeness to Forbes had found a new manifestation, the pattern of the whole seemed clear. And to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Between them all they had carried Suzanne noiselessly upstairs, Jim following bewilderedly.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

break the code broke the pattern.

They had seemed unimportant, those ten happy, thoughtless, war-free days in the spring forest of Barbizon ten years ago; tonight they stood forth in their full value.

But for them there would not be this wretched shame and fear eating at her heart. But for them she would be just Judy Rogers, above suspicion and above reproach, waiting with her husband for an irresponsible girl and boy to come home and be scolded.

Her chief emotion, as she sat quietly, wearily, in the spring dawn, waiting, was neither shame nor protest. She felt only a great impatience with her old self, that generous little self at Barbizon! Between Etienne and herself there had been a clean, deep passion, like a flame, and for that passion she had sold all her future. Because of that she had made it possible for Forbes to turn to her now, quite logically, and quite within his rights, and tell her that she must give up this position she loved so well—the position of his wife—give up the children she idolized; give up everything she held dear.

And she, Judy, the proud, the superb, the admired and envied, must listen in silence if he so decreed, must creep away in silence from his house, forever!

SHE had known all that—even at Barbizon. Yes, but she had not known Forbes! She had not been his wife, that happily protected wife whose whole viewpoint was so different from that of reckless little Judy Trezavant! She had not been through those marvelous hours of fear and joy, weakness and strength, that ended in a perfumed, triumphant resting time among pink-and-white pillows, with another little Rogers snuffling in his historic mahogany cradle.

The children! Judy felt her throat close, and drummed with her slipper on the floor. Oh, it couldn't be fair, it couldn't be fair, that for something a girl of nineteen did ignorantly and impulsively a mother of thirty might be taken away from her children!

The nurses would put their coats on them: the blue sailor coats with the red flannel linings and their round blue caps; Jack's hair, dark and sleek like her own, Cyrus' yellow curls turning up against his white baby forehead, Mary Kate leaping and straining in her nurse's arms——

She would have to kiss them; she couldn't cry. "Good-by, my sweethearts—— Mother'll see you soon——"

Judy, tears on her face, roused herself, shuddering.

"What have I done?" she whispered. "What shall I do?"

Forbes had fallen into a light

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

sleep. He frowned and sighed as he rested. Muddy daylight brightened in the dark room.

Suddenly the telephone trilled sharply, and, as Judy roused herself from deep brooding, with a frightened face, Forbes caught the instrument dazedly, his eyes on her interrogative ones as he spoke.

"Jim—is it you, Jim? For God's sake, where are you?"

Then he was silent, listening, with a set expression Judy had never seen before tightening the muscles about his mouth.

In another minute he and Judy, ashen faced, were flying noiselessly upstairs.

"*Where*—did he say?"

"He said the Hotel Bender."

"And do you know where it is?" They were in his dressing room now, and Judy was tearing off her brocaded gown and gold slippers and pulling on a brown homespun and a soft brown hat. She caught up a dark, warm coat.

"Down Flushing way. We'll slip out the side door, Judy, and I'll get my open car. Luckily, it's round the corner, in the garage on Madison — I left it there for tires."

"He said Suzanne was sick, Forbes?" she asked as they ran down the street under the streaked and brightening sky.

"It wasn't Jim, you know. It was a man's voice. He said that the young lady was ill—she had given him our number——"

JUDY sprang into the little car, slammed the door; the engine burst into a great roar. They were flying down the unfamiliar streets, along a car track; they were on the long, rising ramp of the bridge. The river mists were rising; the street lamps were gone. A steamship, nosing down the gray stream of the river, poured out a reedy note.

"Forbes, what do you make of it?" Judy's voice was tense.

The man jerked his head impatiently.

"God knows. We'll have to get there and see."

"If she died——" Judy fell silent. "What could we say to Rhoda?" she whispered, fearfully.

"Tom Saterlee would kill him—will kill him if he finds out," Forbes presently said, grimly.

"Will everyone have to know? It will ruin her life!" Judy exclaimed.

"We can't tell until we find out what's happened, dear," Forbes reminded her again, patiently, and Judy, stealing an oblique glance at his sternly set face, thought what a rock of solid common sense and comfort he was in any emergency.

They had left the city behind them and were down among the flat marshes when they discovered the sign: "Bender's Hotel—Steaks, Chops, Oysters. Open All Night." Forbes turned right, and they crossed an old bridge over shining water and came to the shabby white road house.

An unshaven man, with gartered shirt sleeves, was superintending the cleaning of spittoons by a negro boy in a lighted kitchen. Rolling a cigar in his thick lips, he gestured backward and up, with his head, and Judy, feeling that this was all a horrible dream, mounted the stairs.

JIM and Suzanne were in a large, dirty bedroom; the girl, partly undressed and rolled in blankets, was heavily asleep. Jim was sunk laxly in a chair; he appeared stupid; his face was blotched and his hair in disorder. The place smelled of cigarettes and wine and was unaired.

"Well, say, you took your time," Jim said, complainingly. "Suzanne's been awfully sick. I let you know the minute we got here, and she might have died while you were taking your time."

His lips were very thick, his eyes shifted; yet, even so, there was something pathetically young and appealing in his bravado.

"I don't know what I could do," he said, truculently. But his eyes pleaded. He was evidently terrified. "'Zanne wanted to see her aunt, in S'ham'ton," he began again, with an effort at dignity. "And she began to cry, and said her aunt had lef'"—Jim wet his dry lips—"had lef' her—*money*—and she—she never-wen-*see*-her," he enunciated, with difficulty. "But 'Zanne got sick, and I said—I said, 'Bett'r res' a little while and I'll phone Uncle Forbes.'"

"Shut up, you swine!" Forbes, standing just inside the doorway, with his furry arms dangling and his furious eyes mere slits, said in a terrible voice. "You ought to be shot for this night's work!"

Suzanne was muttering. Judy sat down beside her on the bed, bending down and pulling off her glove to lay her fingers on the girl's forehead.

"I saw the lights of this hotel, see? And 'Zanne was so sick——" Jim was persisting, almost angrily. His uncle ignored him, and Judy, speaking in a low tone, addressed only Forbes.

"She has a fever, Forbes—two degrees, at least, I should say. You'll have to get a doctor. Go down and ask that man about a nurse and telephone in to—let's see. Your mother's day nurse or the housekeeper would be best," she decided quickly. "They've been with us for years—we can trust them. We want nightgowns and some day clothes and hot-water bottles. I wouldn't dare move her until we find out if she's ill."

"My head!" Suzanne moaned, without opening her eyes, one of her hot hands coming up to keep Judy's cold fingers pressed there.

"Yes, your head hurts, poor child," Judy murmured, soothingly. "And ice, Forbes," she added in a hurried undertone. "But a doctor first."

"I tell you she's a sick little girl," Jim said, sententiously, with a sort of pompous triumph. He dropped into a chair and almost immediately fell asleep. Forbes, pulling on his big fur gloves, nodded briefly and disappeared. Judy tried to interrogate Jim.

"She was sick—I don't know just where we were!" he mumbled sullenly, when Judy roused him. "I know a cop chased us and Suzanne was laughing. It was all her idea," Jim added aggrievedly, almost virtuously. "I tell you, you and Uncle Forbes have got it all wrong. I never put my hand on her—all I did was tell her that if she felt sick maybe we better not try to make Southampton. Then I saw that this place was lighted, and I asked the man if my sister could go to bed for a while! Uncle Forbes doesn't have to put any of his damn stupid constructions on it."

JUDY busied herself about the room while the plaintive, thick voice went on and on. There was a nicked hand basin and a pitcher on a small stand and limp, red-banded towels. The cracked window shades hung crooked under filthy, stringy lace curtains; a naked electric bulb on a string hung over Suzanne's bed and had not yet been extinguished, although daylight was filtering into the room now; the light only accentuated its ugliness and bareness.

Wetting a towel, Judy bathed the girl's flushed face, brushing the demoralized curls as best she might with gentle fingers. Suzanne's dress was so tumbled and sodden a wreck that she did not attempt to put it on. Judy rolled it into a tight wad and stuck it in her coat pocket, and the girl was wrapped in a thin old blanket instead.

The shirt-sleeved man, to whom Forbes had evidently presented the only argument that weighs at all with his type, was enlisted to bring fresh sheets—coarse, but cleaner—hot water, mottled bar soap reeking of wintergreen. Forbes, returning, darkened the window with a blanket.

"I tell you, I never touched her!" Jim, ignored, restless and uneasy, reiterated stupidly, over and over. Forbes, shouldering past him as he came and went, presently turned upon him savagely:

"It doesn't matter whether you touched her or not, you fool!"

Suzanne tossed, moaned, muttered a few incoherent words.

"Is she very ill, do you think?" Forbes asked fearfully, in a whisper.

"I can't tell, Forbes. If we only could move her; if we only

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

could get her home!" Judy murmured.

"He'll marry her today," Forbes stated, grimly.

Judy raised her eyebrows, faintly shook her head.

"I don't think this was an elopement, Forbes," she breathed, with a glance at the sleeping girl on the bed. "I imagine it was just one of their reckless 'stunts'—something that seemed smart to them! To run all the way down to Southampton and have breakfast with Suzanne's aunt seemed an adventure. It's extremely possible——"

A significant look finished the sentence. Forbes flung up his head impatiently.

"Together all night at one of the rottenest road houses in the country!" he said dryly.

"Yes—I know. But—— Ah, here's the doctor!" Judy exclaimed thankfully. Forbes, nodding to the middle-aged man who entered, escaped from the room.

The doctor, and a nice doctor, too. Gray, kindly, good-natured at having to start his day three hours too soon. He had had these cases before, he said unalarmedly to Judy, laying experienced fingers upon Suzanne's heavy head. This younger set was an extraordinary group of young people. Little girl he brought into the world eighteen years ago, fine family, lots of money, had been brought him by her mother only yesterday—crying—frightened to death——

He shook his thermometer. Two degrees. But that was nothing.

"Now we had better rouse this young lady, and find out exactly how far this little escapade went last night——"

Judy's face flamed. She was astonished at the confidence, almost amused in its serenity, with which Doctor Mason shook the girl awake and directed toward her questions that Judy had imagined were never put into words at all, that she would have thought no girl could understand.

But Suzanne understood them, dazed and feverish and sick as she was. And presently Judy and the doctor came downstairs to the porch, where Forbes was walking up and down, waiting for them.

THE sun was rising over flat, ugly marshes, filling the pools with scarlet, and sending long shadows from broken fences and old sheds. Troubled black clouds moved slowly overhead; a ripple of dawn went over the world. Shabby delivery wagons, milk wagons, vegetable carts, began to move on the roads.

"She's awake, Forbes," Judy said, clinging to his arm in a sudden weakness of relief. "And Doctor Mason is quite positive, dear, quite satisfied that when they were simply too dazed to know what they were doing, they just started for Southampton for a lark. That was all. Suzanne's all right——"

"How do you mean?" Forbes asked in an ugly tone. The doctor looked at him in surprise.

"I mean that as far as the boy's part went," he said, "he seems to have acted well throughout. It wasn't—what it seemed. He started to take the girl to her aunt and she was taken ill on the way—that was all. He used the best judgment he could, in the condition he was in. He treated her with—absolute respect."

"He means, Forbes," Judy said, a little bewildered by his manner, "that it's all right. We were—in time."

"Ah, we were in time?" Forbes repeated. And to her uneasiness she saw that he was laughing. "Of course, doctor, that's an immense relief to my mind!" he said sarcastically. "That restores my respect for the young lady, and my confidence in the young gentleman, of course!"

"Forbes——" Judy pleaded, not knowing what to make of her usually quiet husband in this mood. He kissed her.

"We're great successes as chaperons, dear!" he said hilariously. "Everything's all right now, Rhoda won't have to know about this, nor Ellen, nor anybody else. You see, doctor, that's all that matters! We caught them in time!"

SO THAT was the way the big domestic earthquakes, the suppressed scandals, broke over respectable households and thundered upon their way, Judy Rogers mused, as the hours of the day began to follow their normal course, and the Rogers household awakened to its usual routine.

She did not go to bed at all, but when the clocks were oddly saying "eight," quite as if the morning had nothing strange about it, she found herself in her room, dazed, weary, and was captured there by the children, fresh from baths and breakfast, and ready for the usual hour with mother.

Her bed was turned down in a long, smooth line; her night-lamp still burning, her window-shades drawn. Judy extinguished the light, let in the day, and while the little boys tied strings to her dressing table mirrors, and entered into complicated mechanical ventures therewith, she laid aside the homespun suit.

The odd vigil began. "I can't get any trace of them," Forbes said. "My God, what can we say to Rhoda?"

took her hot bath, got into comfortable clothes, brushed her hair.

In her mirror her face showed no record of the past night, she thought bewilderedly. And when her breakfast had come and gone, and it was nine o'clock, she had confusedly to admit that she felt none the worse for the fright and the adventure. Hot coffee, the newspaper, the mail, just as usual.

The boys went off to the park, it was almost time for Mary Kate's bath, Germaine came in scandalized and apologetic.

"*Madame* did not call me! But——" The Frenchwoman's eyes went shrewdly about the undisturbed room. "It was a fine party?" she surmised. Judy could laugh.

"Mr. Rogers got into a long rubber at bridge," she explained at random. "We were delayed."

"Miss Suzanne surely was not so late. I peeped in; she is sound asleep," Germaine said.

"Oh, no, she was at home much earlier," Judy explained.

SHE went on her way to Mary's nursery, her tired head feeling oddly light and rested, in the deep peace of unspeakable relief.

Suzanne asleep across the hall, Jim asleep upstairs, Forbes sound asleep in his own bed—it was all over! The children were out in the park, the old lady being bathed and dressed, and Mary Kate awaiting her mother.

Had it all been a dream, then? Judy was almost tired enough to think so. The tea dance at the Regent with its uneasiness, the dinner at Mrs. Pierce's with its quite active apprehensions, and the evening dance with its moments of actual fear—these had been all gradually leading the way to that hour of frightful vigil in the library, to that mad trip down to the Long Island hotel.

Again she seemed to see the sullen red streaks in the dark sky above their heads, the bridge slipping past, the black, slow water flowing by in the dusk below them. Again the flat marshes, chilly and ugly. Again Bender's hideous road house, odorous of stale cigars and dirt and food and closeness.

And again the bleak bedroom, with the flat, lifeless iron bed, and the dirty sheets, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Suzanne moaning in thin old blankets——

Jim, florid, troubled, confusedly excusing himself, explaining—how horrible, how unspeakably vulgar and disgusting it had been!

Forbes, Judy reflected, remembering each step of the way after his mysterious burst of mirth to the doctor, had once again become his dignified and capable self. He had established Judy on the front seat of the motor car, with Suzanne, rolled warmly in a blanket that was stenciled "Bender House," in her arms. Jim, after a few airy, expostulatory remarks to the doctor, had subsided on the back seat. And so the endless trip home had commenced.

IT had only been a matter of a few miles, twelve or fourteen, but what miles! How the car had seemed to creep and how every brightening moment of daylight had seemed to Judy fraught with a correspondingly deepening sense of danger. Suppose the garage man recognized Suzanne and a newspaper reporter *happened* to be in the neighborhood! Suppose old Mrs. Rogers had awakened early—had asked for Judy! Suppose Rhoda Carolan had been taken sick in Washington yesterday and had come home and had telephoned the Rogers household already, to speak to her daughter?

Half past six o'clock and broad day. The streets had been crowded when they came back over the long bridge and traffic was beginning briskly, if humbly, in the big city. Judy had watched the corner posts with a sick heart. Only Fifty-eighth Street—only Sixty-third Street—and they were held by the signals again!

Just as they had reached the big house, still shrouded in darkness, Suzanne had roused herself to a sort of spasm of protest, weeping and struggling, and Judy's face, and Forbes's, were set with desperate fear as they tried to quiet her. She had dropped into stupor again, murmuring and fretting, and Forbes had stopped the car quietly at the side door and, with a glance at Judy, had disappeared within.

When he came back he had had his mother's faithful nurse, Miss Whitcomb, with him, and the old housekeeper. Between them all they had carried Suzanne noiselessly upstairs, Jim following bewilderedly.

Leaving Jim to Forbes, the women had managed a hot bath for Suzanne as easily as if she had been a baby, afterward tucking her deep in the soft, warm covers for what promised to be inexhaustible sleep.

And that was all. Judy, when Forbes, after a few brief comments, had himself gone to bed, was left with a feeling of blankness, almost light-headed.

Rolling the delicious, sleepy Mary Kate in a blanket at eleven o'clock for the nap that followed her bath, Judy sat thoughtful for a while, the soft little lump of the baby's body in her arms, old Mollie and young Alma darkening and straightening the nursery and taking away the bath clutter. It was quiet in the big room; shades had been drawn at the south windows, but the big eastern window was wide open to the clear, sunless light, and pleasant, springlike sounds from the street and the river floated in.

Judy wondered if last night's revelation would make a wholesome difference in Suzanne's point of view. Some difference it must make, of course, even though her mother and her closest friends never knew of it. And should Rhoda be told? Did she, as Suzanne's chaperon, owe the full story to Rhoda?

Forbes would know. She must ask him. Judy sighed deeply as the thought of Forbes and her own dark problem smote her suddenly. Well, she must not think of that, she told herself, though the muscles of the arm that held Mary Kate had tightened instinctively about the child when the fear came to her, as if, even subconsciously, she connected the two. No, she must think of Suzanne, and poor Jim——

A few years ago, had this happened, the two would have been tearfully, sullenly married today, by family decree, liking each other or hating. A few years ago there would have been an open scandal about the girl and the man who drank too much and found themselves spending the night at a road house.

Well, there would not be that, of course. But poor Rhoda, should they decide that she must be told, would be crushed. She would perhaps take Suzanne off somewhere—Europe again, California, Alaska—somewhere away from eyes and whispers.

JIM had always seemed a sweet enough boy, Judy mused. He was only twenty-one, after all, and Ellen, his mother, was a splendid woman, absorbed in bringing up the four young Saterlees ideally. Their bodies, their teeth and eyes and skins and tonsils she watched like a cat; she watched them mentally, too; young Tom had been sent to "concentration" camps, to "development" schools; young Elinor was a Tree School girl; one couldn't say more than that.

They were like perfect machines, oiled and polished and running faultlessly. But when something more than mechanical docility was involved, somehow machines always failed.

Judy lowered the sleeping baby into her crib without disturbing one of the relaxed little muscles. Perfumed and powdered and solaced with doubly qualified milk, watched by adoring as well as conscientious nurses, with all the dignity of the Rogers household and name behind her, little Mary Kate slept. And two floors below her, sodden and headachy and crushed like a lily under some big heel, lay another woman's baby, only eighteen years farther along the road.

WELL, it didn't bear thinking about, Judy told herself, as she walked downtown to a directors' meeting of the Girls-in-Need Club, with the avenue gay with spring airs, spring flowers, and spring frocks, and everyone she met eager to praise the Littletons' ball.

"And wasn't Rhoda's Suzanne a perfect picture, Judy? She is the *cutest* thing. Dead this morning, I suppose?"

"I only peeked in at her, Harriet; the top of her head looked too deep in for me to interfere!"

"*Don't* the youngsters have good times! Dear me, it seems to me we didn't have half the fun they do!"

And so on and on; there was a great deal of it.

"My Katrina had quite a mean touch of ptomaine poisoning this morning," one woman contributed serenely. "Frightened her father nearly to death! We got poor Doctor Foster up at five o'clock—he said it was nothing but good old-fashioned tummy-ache. You know," the mother added comfortably, drawing on white gloves, after an hour of gracious shocked interest in the Baldocchi girl's case, and that of the Moscowitz sisters, "you know these youngsters get terribly excited; they are on the go *far* too much, and personally—personally," she added, "I think they shouldn't drink—I'll take you, Judy—you're walking? No, I think it's very silly of them, and I told Katrina so this morning! Poor kiddy, she felt so miserable she was quite prepared to agree with me."

"If the girls don't drink," another mother said simply, "they don't have a good time, that's all there is about it. I've discussed it with them a hundred times. I don't mean *much*, of course. But just enough to make the boys know they aren't prudes!"

"After all," said Katrina's mother, glancing at her wrist watch, "where's the harm?"

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